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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF MR. HOOLEY AND MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM.



This photograph was taken in 1897, when Mr. Hooley was High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire. Mr. Justice Grantham was on circuit, and met Mr. Hooley in his official capacity, the occasion being, of course, a purely formal one. On the left of the picture is Mr. T. F. Fowler, the Under-Sheriff, and on the right the Judge's Marshal. Mr. Hooley in his time has played many parts. As High Sheriff it was his duty to meet Mr. Justice Grantham when he arrived on circuit.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH SEE PAGE 6.

MARKETING BY POST

ASSAM Tea, rich, delicious flavour, 6lb., post free, to your door for 10s. (cash with order); 1lb. sample, 1s. 11d. Mixer and Co., 2, London House Yard, E.C. Est. 1864.

ATHMA CURED by Zemeton.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 9, Lloyd's-av., London.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY FOR CHRISTMAS—Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Fowls; special offer 10s. per lb. will receive, carriage paid, 100, special Turkey and 2lb. of Cambridge. Orders are not being booked and will be received up to December 20. J. Ringer Hewett, Outwell, Wisbech; London Depot, 401, Central Markets, E.C.

CHRISTMAS Hamper,—12lb. dessert apples, 50 oranges
1 gal. nuts, box figs and dates, 6s.; carriage paid.
Hewlett's, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

CHRISTMAS Turkeys, best value, at 10s., 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d.
6s. 6d. each; splendid Geese, 5s. each; trussed, carriage
paid.—Miss Santry, Strand, Rosscarbery, Cork.

FISH. FISH.—Perfect quality, finest value; order direct.

carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; prompt delivery; particulars post free; selected cured fish all kinds; principals of schools and institutions should especially note.—Address: Star Fish Co., Grimsby. (Quote paper.)

FISH the Fishing Boats to the Consumer. Small quantities at wholesale prices. Quality and complete satisfaction guaranteed, or cash returned in full (including postage and cost of postal order). The only firm in Hull that gives the consumer the

FISH middle profits. All orders executed same day as received. Every fish is specially selected. 7lb 1s. 6d., 14lb. 3s., 21lb. 4s. 6d. Larger quantities same price.—North Sea Fish Supply, Fish Market Hull.

GEES and Turkeys (direct from the farm)—Geece & Co.

6 Turkeys 9d. and 10d. per lb.; carriage paid to nearest railway station; postal order, according to weight required secures a bargain; all orders executed during Christmas week or special date by request.—Ye Olde Hall Poultry Farm Company, Pitsea, Essex.

LARGE Trussed Fowls, 5s. pair; single birds supplied.—
Send P.O. Fruin, Morden, Surrey.

SMOKERS their own importers.—Save intermediate profits by importing Cigars from E. A. Mackenzie, cigar specialist, Halkett-pl, Jersey. I import, duty free, and send orders, carriage paid; postman collecting duty on delivery; price lists, post free.

XMAS BEEF.—Large joint sirloin or equal part, 2lbs
pork sausages, pickled ox tongue; cash with order, 15s.
car. free.—Venn and Co., Butchers, Worthing.

XMAS Cream; thick double cream, first prize Devonshire
clotted cream, first prize all cream cheese; orders no

being booked for delivery at Xmas.—Prideaux's Creamery
Motcombe, Dorset.

60 BLOATERS, Kippers, or Reds (selected), 3s. 6d.; 30
2s. 3d.; carriage paid.—Evans, Beresford-rd, Lowestoft

A BOON TO HOUSEHOLDERS.
 Fine English Turkeys (9lb.), and 11lb. Cam-
 bridge Sausages 7s. 6d.

2 large select Chickens	8s. 0d.
2 Partridges and 1 large Hare	8s. 0d.
2 fine Pheasants	8s. 0d.
3 large-Norfolk Partridges	4s. 0d.
Prime Ox Beef-Sirloin, Wing Rib, or any joint you like to order 2lb. for	5s. 0d.

Carriage paid within 50 mile radius. Cash with order or by Bean and Co., cash on delivery.
Deposit accounts opened. Telephone, 2,081 Holborn
STEAD and CO., Ltd., 602, Central Markets, London, E.C.

POULTRY
AT
BUY DIRECT FROM SMITHFIELD
and secure the finest quality goods at
lowest market prices.
Turkeys and Geese from 5s. each.
Before ordering elsewhere send for our
price list

WHOLESALE 3 splendid Chickens, 5s., trussed ready for table, carriage paid.

PRICES. THE CENTRAL SUPPLY, 51, Farringdon-street, Smithfield, E.C. Telephone No. 4612 Central. Tele.: Gamechick London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

DECHSTEIN Grand. 35 guineas; upright. 25 guineas.

ITALIAN MANDOLINE; genuine Sistema de Meglio; in case; 15s. 6d.; approval.—Tutor, 6, Grafton-sq., Clapham

PIANO, walnut case, 6 guineas; also iron frame, check action, marqueterie panels, nearly new, 18 guineas bargain.—Davies, 33, Calabria-rd, Highbury.

PIANOFORTE: a great bargain; in handsomely marked

1 walnut case; very sweet tone; fitted with iron frame
check action, and every latest improvement; guaranteed
offered upon the hire system for 10s. 6d. per month; will
send for one month's free trial without payment.—Godfrey
544, Holloway-rd.

PIANOS! ORGANS!—Shenstone's great record sale; 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for provincial and other buyers; 7-oct. iron frame pianoforte from 12 to 50 guineas, from 8s. monthly; no deposit; 10 years' warranty; chance of a lifetime; 220, Old-st., City-rd. E.C. 4; 15, Dalgrove-lane, opp. Junction; 162, Edgeware-rd.

W.; 55, Newington Butts, S.E.; 226, High-rd, Leyton, E.
202, High-st North, East Ham; 8, Chamberlayne Wood-rd
Kensal-rise, N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East-hill, Wand-
sworth, S.W.

**COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET
AND WANTED**

BRIGHTON.—Johannesburg Boarding Establishment
Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfort-
able and homelike.

WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.—Board-residence; home comforts
south aspect; two minutes from station.—Address Pro-
prietress, Britannia House, Britannia-rd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTHMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd's-av, London.

COUGHING cut short by our Linseed Balsam; 9d. and 1s. 3d.—Needham's, 287, Edware-st, London.

DOCTOR MARKSELWYN'S COMPLEXION SOAPS.
Ellaline Terriss, Edna May, Mabel Love recommend
three shilling tablets 2s. 6d.; "Bloom of Health Pillettes,"
1s. packages.—Russell Company, Tottenham.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address, with particulars of spare-time agency.—Dept. F., 89, Aldersgate-st. London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd, Hove, Brighton.

SEND a postcard to Mrs. M. Seymour, of 124, New Bond-st., for free sample of her famous Skin Emollient.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

SUPERELUOUS HAIR.—Free to all afflicted: to remove

root and stem, send for the treatise compiled from MSS. of the warrant-holder to the Courts of Geo. IV., Wm. IV., and Queen Adelaide.—Robt. Low, 5a, Great Queen-st. London.

Other Small Advertisements on page 16.

PORT ARTHUR.

Russian Officers Run the Blockade with Dispatches.

HAS STOESSEL ESCAPED?

Reports from St. Petersburg say he has arrived at Chifu.

Officers from Port Arthur have succeeded in running Togo's blockade, and have brought reports to Chifu which directly conflict with all the recent reported successes of the besiegers.

They assert that the Japanese do not hold 203 Metre Hill, and that in attacking the hill they had 12,000 killed and wounded.

The officers further allege that the Japanese have lost three torpedo-boats.

In view of the source of this intelligence it will be received with reserve.

Early this morning an Exchange Telegraph Company's message from St. Petersburg was received as follows:—

"Reports received here state that General Stoessel is said to have arrived at Chifu."

This report is without confirmation.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CHIFU, Friday.—Accompanied by six refugees, a messenger from General Stoessel arrived here this afternoon from Port Arthur. They made the voyage in a ship's boat rigged with a sail, and encountered a bitter wind and very cold weather.

The messenger delivered voluminous dispatches to the Russian Consul, who asserts that, according to his reports, the Russians still hold all the northern forts, and from the tone of the dispatches General Stoessel does not anticipate failure.

General Stoessel's messenger states that in the attack on 203 Metre Hill the Japanese lost 12,000 men within two hours.

After occupying the hill they found it impossible to hold it and retired, leaving masses of their dead covering the slopes, where they remained some days.

The Japanese lost three torpedo-destroyers during the past thirty days.

£12,000,000 FLEET.

Striking Picture of Russia's Naval Loss at Port Arthur.

With the loss of the gallant Sevastopol the destruction of the Port Arthur fleet is complete.

This table shows the composition and value of the Port Arthur fleet—guns and in cash at the beginning of the war:—

BATTLESHIPS.				
Name.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Small.	Cost.
Tsarevitch	12,900	13	—	£1,387,000
Petropavlovsk	11,360	12	—	1,098,000
Poltava	10,960	12	—	1,098,000
Retrivian	12,100	12	—	1,117,000
Pobieda	12,700	11	—	1,046,000
Peresviet	12,674	11	—	1,046,000
Sevastopol	10,960	12	—	1,098,000
CRUISERS.				
Bayan	7,726	2	8	433,000
Diana	6,630	—	6	384,000
Askold	5,900	—	12	407,000
Varyag	6,260	—	12	420,000
Novik	4,980	—	6	314,000
Boyarin	3,500	—	6	291,000
Pallada	6,630	—	6	384,000
Fourteen ships.	123,920	30	138	£10,423,000.

LOSS OF £12,000,000.

In addition to these ships, which represent only the sea-going portion of the fleet, there were also twenty-three torpedo-boat destroyers, which would account for another million and a half, so that the total cost of the fleet upon which Russia staked her chances was not less than £12,000,000.

Russia staked—and lost. The war opened with an attack by torpedo-boats upon the fleet in the harbour of Port Arthur, and the whole naval energy of Japan has been concentrated upon it since.

Now for details of the shattered Port Arthur Fleet.

The Tsarevitch, one of the vessels injured in the opening torpedo attack, has taken refuge in the German harbour of Kiau-chau, where she has been dismantled.

The Petropavlovsk was sunk by coming into contact with a mine which the Russians had themselves probably laid; and of the remaining battleships only one has escaped the terrible hail of fire which the Japanese poured upon the town and harbour on December 7 and 8.

The ship which escaped the Sevastopol has been robbed of the last vestige of fighting value by the latest Japanese torpedo attack.

THE SCATTERED CRUISER SQUADRON.

Of the cruisers, as of the battleships, not one effective unit remains.

Of the twenty-three destroyers, we have definite news of the loss of thirteen, and it is not too much to suppose that the remainder have shared the fate of the larger ships.

Admiral Togo has thus secured his rear. He is now entirely free to devote his whole attention to the Baltic Fleet.

Strong S. winds; changeable and mild; To-Day's Weather (Lightening at times, 4.49 p.m.: Sunday, 4.50 rain at times.) (Sea passages moderate to rough.)

CARGOES OF DYNAMITE.

Contraband-laden Barges Pass Down the Thames

FOR THE FAR EAST.

A sensational story of thousands of tons of dynamite, picric acid, guns, shells, and other explosives having been shipped from London to the Far East is supplied by a correspondent who actually saw the contraband of war taken down the Thames.

The correspondent who actually succeeded in making a trip on one of the expeditions, says a spark, a collision, even careless handling of a number of innocent-looking barges might have caused a tragedy under a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament.

"I was told," the correspondent writes, "that if I was in a wherry one night I might run across a certain tug towing four barges, and that, if I mentioned a certain London firm's name, I might get aboard."

"I took the wherry and got aboard. On the barges astern lay some hammer-looking bales of moss litter, beneath which each carried between twenty and thirty tons of dynamite and other explosives."

"Like the tug, the barges were also fendered. A bump might mean annihilation."

"Lower down the river we were to meet a steamer which was taking aboard similar stores to those which we were carrying."

"At last, in the Sea Reach, we were at the tryst. A steamer was busy taking on board something. The name of the steamer and its port were obscured by a sailcloth."

"The captain of the steamer told me that he was bound to leave. He left a well-known port in ballast, cleared ostensibly for Cardiff to load coals, but had obtained enough bunker coal for the Far East."

"Now, in contravention of all laws, he was off to the Far East with munitions of war."

The trip will be an extremely hazardous one, and the shippers are running grave risks. None but the most determined will embark on such an enterprise.

CAROLINE ESCAPEE.

Warrants Issued For the Arrest of Messrs. Roche and Sinnott.

The romance of the Caroline reached another stage yesterday, when warrants for the arrest of the Hon. James Roche and Mr. Sinnott were issued by the Treasury.

After the famous voyage from the Thames to Kiel in the torpedo-yacht, "Captain" Roche and Mr. Sinnott went to Paris. Summonses for them to appear at Bow-street were issued a few days ago, but no appearance was made.

The summonses have now been withdrawn. The warrants which have taken their place will be ineffective unless Messrs. Roche and Sinnott land on British soil.

However, the *Daily Mirror* learnt yesterday from a friend of Mr. Roche in London that it is by no means that gentleman's intentions to evade a judicial examination of his acts.

"At present," he said, "Mr. Roche is extremely busy preparing his case. He does not wish to appear until he has all the intricate details of the case complete. Then, I have his own assurance that he will return to London immediately."

"Mr. Sinnott is also in Paris, but before appearing in England will probably visit St. Petersburg to confer with the Russian Government."

MRS. CHADWICK'S HUSBAND

Declines to Discuss the Sensational Charges Made Against Her.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The Continental Hotel has, during the last few days, been besieged by Pressmen of all nationalities endeavouring to interview Dr. L. E. Chadwick, whose wife—the American "Mrs. Humbert"—now lies in gaol at Cleveland, Ohio.

But Doctor Chadwick has declined to receive all newspaper representatives, preferring to be alone save for his daughter, a pretty girl of twenty. One reporter, more persistent than his companions, succeeded, however, in obtaining an interview.

The doctor was very reserved. "I know nothing," he said, "about my wife's business affairs or allegations made against her by the American papers."

"They say that she is a hypnotist," he continued; "but all I have to say about it is that I never knew it, and she has never hypnotised me." Dr. Chadwick is a short, spare man, about fifty years of age, and since the spring has been touring through Europe with his daughter.

A Reuter's telegram from Berlin of yesterday's date says:—"Prince Anton Radziwill died at eight o'clock this evening of heart disease. He was head of the famous house of Radziwill."

GREAT PEACE MEETING.

Four Rulers of Europe to Confer at Copenhagen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—It is stated here in well-informed circles that the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria will, in the spring, pay a visit to this city to take part in an international peace meeting of monarchs of Europe.

It is reported that the Tsar of Russia and King Edward of England have already agreed to attend, and that the German Emperor is also expected.

This is the first news of one of the most important moves towards universal peace the world has ever seen.

If these four powerful monarchs meet with such an object they can do much towards securing the nations against the horrors of war.

No convention such as that held at The Hague could carry the weight of such an important conference as that outlined above.

MR. KRUGER'S LAST HONOURS.

Three Thousand Burghers Attend a Solemn Religious Service at Pretoria.

A most impressive religious service was held in connection with the funeral obsequies of the late Mr. Kruger, at Pretoria, yesterday morning.

Three thousand burghers attended in deep mourning and listened in sympathetic silence to the addresses delivered by leading Dutch ministers, who expiated on the virtues of the dead man.

One of them, the Rev. H. S. Bosman, said that though Mr. Kruger's body was dead, his spirit lived. His people were now under a flag which was the symbol of equality and freedom.

The Boers were world-renowned for their orderliness and law-abiding character, and they intended to remain so, but they would never forget the principles of their late leader.

Immense crowds filed through the simple and plain death-chamber to see the coffin, which was draped with the old Transvaal and Orange Free State flags.

Beautiful wreaths had been sent by the Queen of Holland, the Queen-Mother, Dr. Leyds, and other close sympathisers.

FRENCH MAYBRICK TRIAL.

More Singular Evidence as to Mme. Massot and Her "Unbalanced" Lover.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The third day's hearing of the French Maybrick trial was taken up by a succession of witnesses, on both sides.

Mme. Massot, who is accused with her lover, Edouard Hubac, with having poisoned her husband, entered the court with a heavy veil over her face.

During the reading of a long statement by Mme. Marcorrell, the mother of the female prisoner, Mme. Massot, for the first time since the proceedings began, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Mme. Marcorrell denied that she ever gave any countenance to the possible relations between her daughter and Hubac.

Every time that the Captain returned to Marseilles he was taken ill. He was too fond of the pleasures of the table, and had a poor digestion.

Mme. Robineau, sister of the dead man, was then called. She declared with tears in her eyes that her husband and herself did all in their power to dissuade Captain Massot from marrying the daughter of Mme. Marcorrell, because of the deplorable facts they had learned concerning her past.

She had had many intrigues with lovers. M. Heckel, Professor of Sciences at Marseilles, gave Hubac an excellent character, but another witness described him as "unbalanced."

After having made up his mind to enter holy orders, Hubac abandoned the idea, and resolved to form a theatrical troupe and travel abroad.

TIBET MISSION HONOURS.

Last night's "Gazette" gives the following appointments in and promotions to the most eminent Order of the Indian Empire in recognition of the services in connection with the Tibet Mission.

To be Knight Commanders: Major Francis Edward Younghusband, British Commissioner; Major and Brevet-Colonel J. R. L. Macdonald, in command of the escort.

John Claude White, Esq., assistant to the British Commissioner; Captain William Frederick Travers O'Connor, R.A., secretary to the British Commissioner; Lionel Truninger, Esq., chief telegraph officer, are to be Companions.

A small fifteen century mazer-bowl of maple wood mounted with about 500. of silver realised £200 at Christie's yesterday.

NEW ALIENS BILL.

"Filter" System To Be the Main Feature.

RIGID INSPECTION.

Mr. Chamberlain having given his powerful support to the agitation for legislation to suppress the alien pest, it is certain that drastic measures will be taken early in the Session.

As the result of inquiries made yesterday in high quarters, the *Daily Mirror* is able to state the most important provisions of the reconstructed Aliens Bill.

The former Bill failed in sundry important and particular points:—

(1) There was no proper provision made for distinguishing between immigrants and transmigrants.

This is necessary, for to bar the latter would be to indict an unwarranted loss upon the shipping trade, and not to have means of distinguishing makes any exclusion Bill of little practical effect.

(2) The explosive powers under the last Bill were too wide.

Representation by any person to the Home Secretary was sufficient to entitle him to expel an undesirable alien. This was obviously a loophole for injustice.

Inspection by a single officer was also judged sufficient evidence. Alteration of this is necessary.

"RING FENCE" RIDICULED.

(3) The powers asked for under the last Bill, whereby a "ring fence" might be drawn round any area to keep aliens in and make a quarter for them, were impossible.

The whole House treated the idea with derision, and a new scheme is imperative.

Without obscuring the points by putting them in the official language of the proposed Bill, the following will be the process an alien will go through in the Port of London under its probable reconstructed provisions.

(1) IMMIGRANTS AND TRANSMIGRANTS.

The onus will be placed upon the shipping companies to take back any alien judged undesirable.

An inspector will board the vessel in the docks, inspect the ship's manifest, and count the passengers, etc.

He will be accompanied by a medical officer, whose verdict as to undesirability on account of disease will be final.

Then the aliens will step ashore for a further filtering.

They will come before a Board of three inspectors, one of whom will be a Jew. After the immigrants have been separated from the transmigrants, each immigrant case will be considered on its merits.

Any alien will have the right of appeal from the Board to the Court of Summary Jurisdiction for final judgment.

Thus there will be a "filter" in London as there is at Hamburg and Libau, and all three should work for the common interest.

(2) EXPULSIVE POWERS.

It will be made possible to bring cases of undesirable aliens directly before the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, which will have power to refer to the Home Secretary, so that he may act without delay.

Aliens who come on the rates within two years of arrival will be dealt with at once by the boards of guardians, who will refer to the Home Secretary.

(3) OVERCROWDING.

The "ring fence" idea being impracticable, some general sanitary law is necessary.

The problem scheme will be that in force at Glasgow, which has worked well.

On every common lodging-house a municipal notice is placed stating how many it will accommodate.

Any night an inspector is able to pay a surprise visit, and if he finds too many in the house a penalty can be summarily inflicted.

NORTH SEA OUTRAGE.

On Tuesday the International Commission on the North Sea incident will hold its preliminary sitting in Paris. It is understood that the meetings held before Christmas will be open neither to Press nor public.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., the Commissioners appointed by the Board of Trade, will resume at ten o'clock on Monday morning, at Richmond-gardens, the Board of Trade inquiry regarding the incident.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS PREACHER.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—President Roosevelt yesterday addressed a crowded prayer-meeting at the Grace Reformed Church, of which he is a member, on the subject of the brotherhood of man, and the solution of various problems, social and religious.—Reuter.

The betrothal is announced of Baron Edward Rothschild, son of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, head of the Rothschild family, to Miss Germaine Halphen, daughter of a well-known manufacturer.

TO SAVE PHOEBE.

Her Pathetic Letter to Her Mother
from Prison

PETITION PREPARED.

Cheer up, dear mother, and try to think that I am away in service for a long time. The years will soon pass. Please see that you get my confirmation book and Bible, because I should like you to have them. PHOEBE.

This poor little letter has been written by unhappy Phoebe Turner to her mother, from the prison to which Mr. Justice Bigham has condemned her for seven long, weary years for the "manslaughter of her infant."

Phoebe says that the years will soon pass, and to comfort her grieving mother she tries to show a brave heart.

But Phoebe is wretched. You can imagine how wretched she is by reading in "Adam Bede" what Hetty Sorrel suffered in prison.

In Fiction and in Life.

Hetty Sorrel suffered in George Eliot's fiction just the very same miserable fate that Phoebe is suffering in real life, and what Phoebe will continue to suffer unless the people who are taking her part at Sevenoaks succeed in moving the Home Secretary to pity by their petition which they are preparing.

After Dinah had prayed in Hetty's cell:—

"Dinah," Hetty sobbed out, throwing her arms round Dinah's neck, "I will speak. I will tell . . . I will tell you all that I can. But the tears and sobs were too violent. Dinah raised her gently from her knees, and seated her on the pallet again, sitting down by her side. It was a long time before the convulsed throat was quiet, and even then they sat for some time in stillness and darkness, holding each other's hands. At last Hetty whispered:—

"I did do it, Dinah. . . I buried it in the wood. . . the little baby. . . and it cried. . . I heard it cry. . . ever such a way off. . . all night. . . and I went back because it cried."

Poor Phoebe's anguish is like the anguish of Hetty.

Phoebe's return to her native village after her betrayal with her little baby in her arms is a melancholy parallel almost identical in real life with Hetty's agonised tramp homewards with her burden, described in George Eliot's fiction.

Like Hetty, Phoebe was ill, footsore, in the depth of despair. On her way to her mother's cottage from the railway station—Hetty, too, had had a lift on the road—she passed through woods. An invisible, seized her—an impulse that her wretched state made her powerless to resist. There was a clearing by the roadway in the woods. She left the roadway and went into the clearing. Then she gently laid her baby on the ground. She gave the little one its feeding-bottle and then rushed away to be beyond the reach of its cries.

Perhaps It Wouldn't Die.

Now let Hetty speak for both herself and Phoebe:—

"But I thought perhaps it wouldn't die—there might somebody find it. I didn't kill it—I didn't kill it myself. I put it down there and covered it up. . . It was because I was so very miserable. . . I didn't know where to go. . . I daren't go back home again—I couldn't bear it. I couldn't have bore to look at anybody. And, oh, it cried so. Dinah—I couldn't cover it quite up—I thought perhaps somebody 'ud come and take care of it, and then it wouldn't die. And I made haste out of the wood; but I could hear it crying all the while; and when I got out into the fields, it was as if I was held fast—I couldn't go away, for all I wanted so to go. And I sat against the haystack to watch if anybody 'ud come."

Phoebe did at last manage to reach her mother's cottage. Despair and her terrible journey had taken away her senses, and she could give very little account of herself.

"Had she brought a baby with her?" a letter that came to her mother asked. Phoebe could not answer when questioned. Then two policemen came to the cottage, and Phoebe was taken away.

"The baby was well cared for and nourished (till it was abandoned. It died of exposure," said the inquest. Phoebe had been a good mother to her child till despair overthrew her mental balance and mother's instincts.

The Mother's Grief.

Mrs. Bolton, Phoebe's mother, speaks of Phoebe with quiet, grave sadness. The poor woman has hardly realised what has happened.

"My daughter was such a good girl," she says. "I cannot understand it all."

And the mother looks towards the door of the little cottage at Stony Street—just such a cottage as Adam Bede lived in at Hayslope—as if she expected Phoebe to come tripping in as she used to when she was a happy, innocent school-girl.

The story of Phoebe's betrayal in London, where she was in service, is not such a picturesque tale as that of Hetty's love-making with Arthur Donnethorpe. No good purpose is served by repeating it.

Everybody in the Sevenoaks district is talking of Phoebe's sad story, and hoping for the success of the petition that is being drawn up.

FUR-SHIP STORK SIGHTED.

Overdue Barque with £70,000 Cargo
Arrives Off Devonshire.

Grave fears had been entertained for some time past as to the safety of the Hudson's Bay Company's barque Stork, which left Charlton Island (Hudson's Bay) for London so far back as on September 19 last.

Last night, however, it was reported from Lloyd's signalling station at Prawle Point that a barque supposed to be the overdue Stork had been sighted some way out at sea.

As showing the alarm caused by her long voyage, it may be mentioned that underwriters last week paid fifty guineas each, premium to reinsure her, their chief anxiety being grounded on the fact that the Stork carried a valuable cargo, comprising £70,000 worth of furs.

This week the anxiety was so intensified that the premium for reinsurance rose to sixty guineas. The Stork is one of the largest of the Hudson's Bay Company's fleet, and carried a crew of twenty, as well as several passengers.

It is a remarkable fact that the Stork this year took the place of the Lady Head, which was wrecked last year during a similarly long voyage, and on that occasion furs of the value of £40,000 were lost.

DYING IN A BOAT.

Survivors Row for Life Up to the Armpits in
Freezing Water.

How the two survivors of the foundered Liverpool steamer *Blanche* battled for life in storm and darkness at sea was related at the adjourned inquest at Fормby yesterday.

The *Blanche* collided with the London hopper No. 66, on November 20, in a storm at the mouth of the Mersey. Five of the crew of nine perished.

The two survivors rowed for nine hours in a lifeboat, up to the armpits in the freezing water.

The boat capsized, and three men were thrown out and lost in the inky sea. They recovered the boat and struggled on for several hours, endeavouring to reach the Crosby Lighthouse.

The boat again capsized, and two dead bodies were washed away. Gradually two others succumbed to the terrible exposure, and before the boat at last touched land they were quite dead.

The jury found that the men died from the effects of cold and exposure, but were unable to say who was to blame for the collision.

AUTHOR SPRINGS A SURPRISE.

Mr. Crossland, of "Lovely Woman" Fame,
Recounts His Troubles in Court.

Mr. T. W. Crossland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot," "Lovely Woman," and other works, sprang a surprise upon Mr. Justice Warrington yesterday afternoon.

With a mournful expression on his face Mr. Crossland suddenly rose from a seat in King's Bench Court VI. and gazed wistfully at the Judge. "Who are you?" asked his Lordship.

"I am Crossland, the author," was the calm reply.

"I wish to know what I am to do."

When the laughter had subsided the author became more explicit. The receiver, he said, had charge of the affairs of Mr. Grant Richards, his publisher. He had an agreement with Mr. Richards for royalties on his books, but now he could get nothing.

The Judge protested that he could not help him, and directed Mr. Crossland to a Master sitting in Chambers, who had more power to advise him.

FURNITURE FIRM FAILS.

One of the oldest and most respected of the hire-purchase furnishing firms has gone into liquidation.

The business of Messrs. Norman and Stacey, Ltd., of Tottenham Court-road, is being carried on by Mr. E. Layton Bennett as receiver and manager.

The firm was one of the pioneers of both the three years' purchase system and the idea of dressing a window as a model room.

"WEE KIRK" RAIDERS.

The Free Kirk dispute in Scotland has now resolved itself into a raid.

Further churches were seized yesterday by the Free Churchmen, but the United Free Churchmen at Broadford, in the Isle of Skye, have not submitted tamely to the onslaught.

The Freemen burst open the church doors on Wednesday, but yesterday the United men got into the church and held it against the opposition.

The minister wired to Edinburgh headquarters the jubilant message, "Church re-taken to-day."

Some £8,000 were awarded in entrance scholarships at a dozen Cambridge colleges last night. Elementary schools, including several London institutions, carried off a number of the awards.

NO WOLF.

Expert Thinks the Northumberland
Sheep-worrier Is Only a Dog.

LIKE THE "WELSH TIGER."

From the happy hunting-ground in Northumberland, where many redoubtable Nimrods are ranged against the lonely wolf, the reports still show that no traces of the animal have been come upon.

The farmers await its next outbreak in fear and trembling, and the big-game hunter squats patiently at the head of his pack in anticipation of another sheep kill, when he expects to get on the trail. Meantime the wolf lies low; and an importation of wolfhounds from Russia is seriously suggested.

Meanwhile, a correspondent writes suggesting that the now famous Northumbrian wolf is no longer at large. He has not captured it, but he scents a chimera, something less than a will of the wisp. He boldly says there is no wolf, there is merely a hunt.

"Such mistakes are not without precedent," he writes. "I was in the neighbourhood when the 'Newby bear' made its appearance in 1885."

"He had an immense appetite, and apparently a charmed life. In addition to sheep, he made meals of goats and pigs. He was hunted prodigiously, but to no purpose; once he swam a lake. Numbers of yokels saw the bear."

"The newspapers recorded his daily movements as faithfully as those of royalty. Some Irish officers organised a great hunt."

"Then the police found there was no bear, but the newspapers and the populace scoffed, saying he had moved to another neighbourhood."

The Terrible Tiger.

"The next scare was the terrible tiger of South Wales."

Just about this time three years ago it broke loose. The whole countryside—even to the Shropshire Hills—was terror-stricken, the children could not sleep at nights; but there was no tiger, after all.

"Now for what, in my opinion, are the facts. Admitting that sheep have been killed (the non-existent 'Newby bear,' he it remembered, did many circumstantial slaughterings) there is yet no wolf."

"It is not reasonable that the animal, however cunning, could have remained at large so long in a country it did not know, where it could only by accident come upon lairs and hiding-places, and where it has been so dexterously hunted by men who knew every inch of the ground."

Who Lost a Wolf?

"Then there are the foxhounds. When turned on the scent they ran to earth—a fox, maybe from preference, but I think it was Hobson's choice."

"Again, we have not been told what menagerie or travelling circus is without its wolf, nor what private fancier is looking for his pet."

"In fine, if I have to admit the killing of the sheep, and the valiant defence of the attacked flock by the gallant sheepdog—which on the Newby precedent I doubt as reliable evidence—I fall back on the solution that a dog in the locality has gone 'must' and taken to sheep-killing."

"IN THE KING'S NAME."

Story of a Thrilling Chase After Kidnapped
Americans.

A dramatic story is embodied in an appeal by the United States Government from the judgment of Mr. Justice Caron, of the Canadian High Courts, which was opened before the Privy Council yesterday.

In 1897 two American citizens named Gaynor and Greene were proceeded against on charges connected with works at Savannah Harbour, Georgia. The two men, while the case was undecided, went to reside at Quebec, and were there arrested by U.S. officials as fugitives from justice.

Driven in cabs at high speed to Richelieu, they were put aboard the steam tug *Spray*, the fastest tug on the St. Lawrence, which was waiting with full steam up, and conveyed to Montreal.

The constables of Quebec gave pursuit in the tug *Glacial*, and coming up with the *Spray* signalled to her to stop in the name of the King. But the *Spray* went on her way.

The subsequent proceedings formed the subject of repeated arguments in the Canadian Courts on a variety of points raised on behalf of the two men. The case has been brought before the Privy Council for a final decision.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM ILL.

The effect of the cottages litigation on Mr. Justice Grantham's health was seen yesterday.

His Lordship was to have sat in the King's Bench Division, but soon after the time for the business of the court to begin it was announced that he was too unwell to undertake duty. The court was filled with Bar and public in the expectation of seeing the learned Judge after his experience as a defendant.

Princess Henry of Battenberg yesterday made an inspection of the Caesar, flagship of the Channel Fleet, and lunched with Lord Charles Beresford.

IN TO-MORROW'S

"Weekly Dispatch"

"CONVICT 413 L,"

The Great Story
of Convict Life,

By . .

Mr. ADOLF BECK

AND THE

Authors of "CONVICT 99."

To-morrow's

"Weekly Dispatch,"

ONE PENNY.

TOO LATE.

After Days of Starvation Young Officer
Drowns Himself.

After wandering about London hungry and penniless for long hours, a promising young artillery officer, only twenty-one years old, drowned himself in the Serpentine."

Lieutenant Alexander John Hannay Murray-Thomson, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, Weymouth, was of a highly respected and good family, and he was popular among his fellow officers.

But he had given way to irregular habits and insobriety. He was ordered on this account to present himself before the commanding officer.

He feared the ordeal, and last Wednesday week he left the barracks and came to London. He called at the Grosvenor Club, in Dover-street, but it was only a call.

Soon the little money he had with him gave out. He endeavoured to cash a cheque in Kensington, but failed.

He was threatened with starvation unless he dared face his widowed mother or his commanding officer.

He did not dare. He wandered aimlessly about in London, till at last, in despair, he sought death by drowning in the Serpentine at Hyde Park, and found it.

No one heard the splash, but on Thursday morning a policeman saw his body floating in the water, and yesterday afternoon a coroner's jury, after listening sadly to the story of the young man's death, brought in a verdict of suicide whilst temporarily insane.

And all the while a private detective, employed by his mother, had been scouring London in search of him. At any moment while he lived in those few days of wandering a chance meeting might have saved him.

The body of Edward Barbero, the missing manager of an Oxford-street restaurant, has been taken out of the Thames at Marlow.

DISASTER IN THE CHANNEL.

It was reported at Dover last night that the Boulogne steamer *Esperance* had been sunk in collision in the Channel.

The only *Esperance* in Lloyd's Register is a steam trawler.

Further details show that the *Esperance* was engaged in towing a vessel off Boulogne when a Dunkirk steamer, which was coming out of the harbour, ran into the *Esperance* with tremendous force. The *Esperance* sank almost immediately, and an exciting scene was witnessed in the efforts of the colliding steamer to rescue the crew of the sunken vessel.

Fortunately, however, all were saved, and taken into Boulogne.

COMING ROYAL COURTS.

The King and Queen will hold a series of Courts at Buckingham Palace during the coming season, at which presentations of ladies to their Majesties will be made. Two Courts will be held before Easter, probably during the month of February.

Among the regulations notified by the Lord Chamberlain is one to the effect that a lady who makes a presentation to their Majesties must be personally acquainted with and responsible for the lady she presents.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM.

The King and Queen conclude their visit to Lord Cadogan at Culford Hall to-day. They are due at St. Pancras by special train at about 3.25 this afternoon, and will remain in town for a few days to complete their Christmas shopping.

About the middle of the week they will leave for Sandringham, where a large party will assemble for the Christmas festivities.

MARCH OF THE HUNGRY.

Desperate State of the West Ham Unemployed Arouses Apprehension.

There are at least 8,000 men out of work in West Ham, and it is feared that unless help reaches them the poor, hunger-stricken people will cause grave disturbances.

To-morrow a large proportion of these will tramp the eight miles to Trafalgar-square and hold a demonstration there.

West Ham is, indeed, in a bad way. As it is outside London it does not come within the scope of Mr. Walter Long's scheme for the relief of the workless.

And yesterday a grievous thing happened. The local relief funds, on which unprecedented demands have this year been made, became exhausted.

Already the situation is realised by the desperate men and women, who must see their children famish through no fault of their own.

So West Ham is going to demonstrate.

Another section of the workless men held a meeting in the Town Hall yesterday and came to the sensible determination to send a deputation to Mr. Long, asking for inclusion in his relief scheme.

Duchess in the Chair.

Looking graceful and charming in a white hat and a black and white dress, the young Duchess of Marlborough made quite a success in the chair at a meeting held at Grosvenor House, yesterday, in aid of the rescue-work of the Church Army.

Mr. Colin N. Campbell, honorary social secretary, said that the increase in the numbers of paupers in London was very serious. Probably there were nearly 200,000 people living on the verge of starvation. The figures showed an increase of 14,000 over two years ago.

What was the Church Army doing? It had provided 90,000 beds and 250,000 meals during November. The present rate was 120,000 beds and 370,000 meals a month. It had found employment for about 500 married men daily, at half a crown a day. The special relief work cost £125 a day.

Doomed Man's Request.

There were sympathetic murmurs when the Rev. W. Carile, founder of the Church Army, spoke.

"Donovan, the poor chap who was hanged on Tuesday," he said, "asked me at Pentonville, 'Don't be hard on the jail birds because I have gone and let you down.' I could not help feeling that, ignorant criminal that he was, there was something good in him."

All men are not willing to work. One loafer was taken to pieces and found to be wearing seventeen garments, with a copy of a newspaper as a shirt.

NELSON TEA PENSIONS.

Allegations of Fraud Place a New Complexion on Widow's Case.

Great interest attaches to Mrs. Wright's case against Nelson and Co., and the Nelson Trading Co., which has already been mentioned in the Chancery Division. Yesterday an important development was disclosed when the matter again came before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady.

Mrs. Wright is one of 19,000 widows who expect to be paid the sum of 10s. a week under the terms of Nelson and Co.'s pension tea scheme. She seeks, fearing a possible diminution of this pension, to obtain an interim injunction to restrain the admission of further participants.

Her counsel, Mr. Eve, K.C., announced that he was unable to proceed with the motion that day as he had just received further affidavits, which involved certain inquiries.

The development was indicated by Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., who appeared for Nelson and Co. In the amended notice of motion, he said, a charge of fraud had been made. It was a case he thought everybody would agree should be properly tried out.

Some discussion followed, as the result of which it was arranged that the action should be brought on as soon as possible.

The magistrates sitting at Paddington Town Hall yesterday reserved their decision on an objection raised by Dr. Clifford, as a passive resister, against a second restraint on his goods.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

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Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidized Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements - ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

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SON'S ORDEAL.

Called To Give Evidence in Contradiction to His Mother.

EXTRAORDINARY STORIES.

At the beginning of the Croft judicial separation case, which is likely to occupy the Divorce Court for the rest of the present Law term, Mr. Duke, K.C., warned the jury that it would have to listen to some very painful details and witness some very distressing scenes.

Counsel's words were borne out yesterday when, in the morning, there was the sad spectacle of a wife making charge after charge of cruelty against her husband, and in the afternoon the even sadder sight of a grown-up son giving evidence against his mother.

The strangest part of Mrs. Croft's remarkable indictment of cruelty is her assertion that her husband treated her as insane, and made repeated endeavours to put her under restraint.

She renewed her sad story, which she began in the witness-box on Thursday, by declaring that she had been pinched on the hip by her husband, Mr. Septimus Croft, who is a wealthy stockbroker, and dragged along a corridor by her husband and her son Philip.

The president, with a grave air of surprise, put several questions on this incident. Mrs. Croft was positive, and the president concluded with a very serious "Really!"

When Mr. Duke brought his examination of Mrs. Croft to an end, Mrs. Croft, in the ordinary course would have been immediately cross-examined by Mr. Lawson Walton. It had been arranged, however, to take at this point the evidence of her son, Lieutenant Bernard Croft, who is under orders to sail at once with his regiment to South Africa. So the young lieutenant, looking and evidently distressed, went into the witness-box.

This is his story, given in reply to questions by Mr. Walton, a story told in very manly and straightforward tones—the story of a man who obviously hated to have to tell it:—

"Hoped I Would Be Killed."

"I have often seen my mother, when in fits of uncontrollable temper, strike my father, but my father has never retaliated—never lifted his hand. 'My father has never made grimaces at my mother at meals, but my mother has made grimaces at the servants at table, and winked at them, after looking in the direction of my father.'

"Just before I went out to the war in South Africa my mother made an unkind remark to me. She said that she hoped that I would be killed."

"My father never told her that she was insane."

The lieutenant described some very strange incidents that took place at St. Margaretsburg, Mr. Croft's mansion at Ware. One day he heard a noise in his mother's room. There was clapping of hands, and his mother's voice saying, "Oh, Sept, Sept, you are a cruel man." The son went to his father's room and heard snoring within, which told him that his father was not with his mother. The son, therefore, came to the conclusion that his mother was pretending, pretending that she was being ill-used—the claps representing blows—to gain the sympathy of the servants in the rooms above.

At another time Mrs. Croft made a present to her niece, who was staying in the house. She gave a valuable fur cloak to the young lady, saying, "Mildred, you are a good girl." Then Mildred, who was not taking her part against Mrs. Croft, and she took the cloak from Mildred's room and accused her of stealing it.

Hiding Under a Bed.

But the most remarkable incident of all happened when Natalie, Mrs. Croft's second daughter, had the misfortune to find her nose bleeding one evening. Mrs. Croft became exceedingly angry and accused Natalie of making her nose bleed on purpose. "She flew at Natalie," said Lieutenant Croft, "and Natalie ran upstairs. I went upstairs to my sister's bedroom and got under the bed. I wanted to see what my mother would do, and to be at hand to protect Natalie."

One day, according to her son's story, came into the room, and hit her daughter on the head with a clenched fist, raising a bump.

"You must have had a good view from under your sister's bed," observed Mr. Duke when he cross-examined on this episode.

Lieutenant Croft also said that he often went to protect his father when he was attacked by his mother. "He could not raise his hand against any woman, certainly not against his wife," explained the son.

The president thanked the unfortunate young soldier, as he left the witness-box.

Mrs. Croft's cross-examination was begun late in the afternoon. She declared, in reply to Mr. Lawson Walton, that her brother, Mr. Montmorency, was not authorised by her to arbitrate on her behalf. Her brother had not got much common sense, and that was why he signed the rules drawn up to govern the conduct of herself and her husband.

The case will be resumed on Tuesday next.

Mr. Arthur Johnstone, the well-known musical critic of the "Manchester Guardian," died yesterday morning in Manchester. He was married only in July last.

JEALOUSY AND DEATH.

How Pangs of Slighted Love Led to a Terrible Crime.

PATHETIC LETTER.

Seldom has a more pathetic story of disappointed love and death been told in any court than that which was unfolded yesterday before a Manchester coroner.

The inquiry related to the murder of Beatrice Fielding, a golden-haired cigarette maker, by her distracted lover, John Fritchley, a barman, who immediately afterwards shot himself.

A rival in love had won the girl's affections, and Fritchley vowed, in a letter to his mother, that he would "have her in death if he could not have her in life."

The first intimation the rival had of Beatrice Fielding's tragic fate came when he was waiting at the accustomed spot to accompany her to the factory.

Sobbing piteously, Fritchley's aged mother told the coroner how her son and Miss Fielding were boy and girl together, and their friendship ripened into a warmer attachment.

The pair were perfectly contented and happy till Beatrice began to listen to the love-tale of a rival suitor.

The rival, a fellow-worker of Beatrice, daily escorted her to and from work. So, said Mrs. Wood, she had been told by Mrs. Livesey, Beatrice's sister.

Visits His Brother's Grave.

On the morning of the murder Fritchley went to Sheffield to take farewell of his mother. He would neither eat nor drink, walked restlessly about, and took his mother to visit his brother's grave, where he had a fit of hysterical laughter. When, as the train left, his mother said, "Give my love to Beatrice," he replied, "Pooh! It is all over."

Within an hour of reaching Manchester he had shot his sweetheart and killed himself.

In a letter to his mother Fritchley wrote:

You must not fret or grieve for me, nor blame my little darling. Although she has thrown me over, I love her still.

Two years ago a young fellow came to their house to fit up electric light, and she met him at a picnic. Since then he has constantly bothered her, made love to her, and told her he hoped he would never see her behind a bar.

She told me everything, and said she is going to him. I think she will die first.

Dear mother, I have learned more since I wrote this. He called at her house on Saturday last, but they did not go out together.

If he continues, I think I shall use a revolver. My heart is broken, which may seem strange for a man of thirty to say.

I would like to put a bullet through him, but I dare not leave too much to chance. I must make a sure job of it. I should not like to die with a rope round my neck.

There is one request I make. Will you bury us both together? Let me have her in death if I can't in life. There is enough money to bury us both.

The jury returned a verdict of Murder and Suicide.

CONFESSIONS OF THE BOUDOIR

Baronet's Daughter Who Wrote of "Curls" and Transformations in Her Diary.

A few of the mysteries of a woman's toilet were revealed at the Westminster County Court yesterday.

Messrs. Gerrard and Co., hairdressers, Queen Victoria-street, sued Miss Barnby, daughter of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, for £14 3s., due for "transformations, fringes, and other aids to woman's beauty."

The items were disputed, Miss Barnby relying on a diary, which she had kept for twenty years.

"I see," said Judge Woodfall, "the date of one of the transformations was not inappropriately about Christmas time."

Miss Barnby's counsel called the case a swindle.

"The diary is all lies," retorted the plaintiff.

An "Alexandra curl and switch," a cryptic description of an article said to have been very fashionable last season, was one of the entries in the diary.

The Judge found for the plaintiff.

THEATRICAL MANAGER MISSING.

The disappearance of Mr. Cyril A. Melton, the well-known theatrical manager, is causing painful anxiety to his family and friends in the profession.

For some time Mr. Melton has been the general manager of the "Fatal Wedding" company, playing at the Ealing Theatre this week.

Mr. Cecil Melton, his son, states that his father had complained lately of pains in the head, and had been worried about business and other matters.

Last year bonuses to workmen of the South Metropolitan Gas Company amounted to £35,000.

HOOLEY CASE ENDING.

Judge Has to Adjourn It Because His Voice Fails.

The end of the Hooley-Lawson trial has been unexpectedly postponed till to-day.

"My voice is rapidly disappearing," pathetically remarked Mr. Justice Lawrence, in almost inaudible tones, after speaking for three hours and a quarter in summing up the tangled story of the financial dealings of the famous company-promoters yesterday.

The gathering shadows after lunch produced slumberous effects upon the Court. Jurymen, and even counsel, nodded.

Lawson, plunging his hands deep into his trousers and propping his head against the edge of the dock stairs, fell into a deep sleep.

Hooley ensconced himself in a comfortable corner of the dock, and, with only his head visible to the Court, blinked and nodded the hours away.

But the Judge, bending painfully over his notes as he plodded bravely on hour after hour, plaintively called for the light.

Impartially, impressively, and yet in homely, conversational terms, his Lordship reviewed the features of the case.

No matter what his qualities, Paine, if he had been swindled, said his Lordship, was entitled to redress.

It was unfortunate that Lawson had not "stuck to his last," as an engineer.

Lawson was the autocrat of the Construction Company, and his position was the oddest his Lordship had ever known.

The Solicitor-General treated Hooley as a Japanese general who fortified his route at every stage, so that in case of retreat he had a perfect defence to retire upon. "This is attributing more ingenuity to Hooley than I give him credit for," commented his Lordship.

The directors were miserable tools for Lawson to do what he liked with.

It was impossible for Lawson to act fairly to both Paine and Hooley.

Hooley was constantly hard up; that was a recurring decimal.

The more grasping Lawson was made out to be the less likely was he to enter into a bargain without making any profit. They must give the Devil his due.

When Lawson cross-examined Paine he answered like a sucking-dove.

But when Mr. Isaacs cross-examined him on behalf of Hooley, Paine tried to paint the acts of Hooley in the most lurid colours.

With a sign of intense relief Hooley and Lawson left the dock for the day shortly after four o'clock.

INSPIRED BY BACCHUS.

Talkative Optician Explains How He Became an Author Through Intoxication.

A very excitable gentleman who spoke with a foreign accent was plaintiff in a libel action in the King's Bench Division yesterday. He was Mr. A. Fournet, an optician, of Kensington, who alleged that a letter he received from the solicitors of Mr. Chapman, an elderly client, was libellous.

Asked by Mr. Buckles, K.C., counsel for Mr. Chapman, whether he had not subpoenaed a Mr. Hanbly, Mr. Fournet replied, "With the greatest of pleasure."

Mr. Fournet became so excited and diffuse in explaining his exploits that Mr. Justice Lawrence said, "Do be quiet. Don't act like a monkey."

The Court was informed by Mr. Fournet that he once brought a libel action against a newspaper on account of its criticism of a pamphlet he wrote. He went on to explain that he made some notes on a piece of blotting-paper when he was drunk, and in the morning was so pleased with them that he copyrighted them.

Mr. Banks: In trying the case, Mr. Justice Hawkins said, "I suppose this page means drunk and the one with the black border dead drunk."

Mr. Fournet: Yes; but I am very much alive. The jury found there was no libel, and judgment was entered for Mr. Chapman, with costs.

FIFTY CIGARETTES A DAY.

The death of a young man named Donegan, living at Woolwich, has been reported to the coroner for the South-Eastern Metropolitan District as being due to excessive smoking.

It is stated that he smoked as many as fifty cigarettes daily, and that he had a smoker's heart.



CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

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NOTE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and PRIZES.—Un-
equalled house for Sterling Value, MAGNIFICENT Stocks
of fine Gold Jewellery, Silver Goods, and Watches. It will
PAY YOU to purchase direct from the Manufacturers,
SAQUI and LAWRENCE, 28 to 31, Liverpool-street; 97,
Fleet-street; 63, St. Paul's Churchyard; 276-277, Penton-
ville-road, London.—(Ann.)

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ALL Owners of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry should be on their guard, and not have any other Food with a similar name pointed on to them instead of **MOLASSINE MEAL**, which is the only Cattle Food containing Antiseptic, Digestive, and Health-giving Properties.

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THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd., 56, Mark-Lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1904.

A SENTENCE THAT MUST NOT STAND.

THE heart of the country will go out, we feel certain, in sympathy with the efforts now being made to secure a revision of the sentence passed upon Phoebe Rose Turner, the poor Kentish village girl, who abandoned her six-weeks-old child.

This sentence, passed by Mr. Justice Bigham at Maidstone Assizes, was one of seven years' penal servitude. What makes the Judge's severity all the harder to explain is that in Staffordshire last week he had another such case before him, and only sent the wretched mother to prison for six months.

Many people regarded the Staffordshire case as being the worse of the two. In that there was no doubt about the intention to kill. The baby was deliberately strangled.

Phoebe Turner, on the other hand, left her child in a spot between a public road and a public footpath. There is no doubt in the minds of those who know the unfortunate girl that she put it there in the hope of someone finding and caring for it.

Unless there were circumstances revealed at the trial which have not come to light, we cannot conceive what induced Mr. Justice Bigham to inflict so severe a punishment. Already this unhappy victim of a man's cruel treachery had suffered agonies of remorse, agonies of shame, agonies of despair. Imagine her state of mind when she laid her baby on the ground and fled. If you cannot imagine it, read "Adam Bede."

The struggle between a mother's love and the motives which prompt such sorrowful mothers to desert their offspring was every whit as poignant in Phoebe Turner's case as in that of Hetty Sorrel. In that wonderful book a great writer has enlisted all pitiful hearts on the side of poor girls who are left in the hour of their great need to bear their misery alone.

How long will it be before the Law puts into the dock alongside the woman in all such cases the man who is the partner (and very often the instigator) of her guilt? In some cases it would, no doubt, be proved that such men had done all they could both for the mothers and for the children, and that the crime of killing was never dreamed of by them.

In most instances, however, it would be found either that the man had driven the woman to crime by refusing to share the consequences of their common sin, or else that he had directly incited her to murder. Upon such a creature a sentence of seven years' penal servitude would be passed with universal approval.

But to inflict this heavy penalty upon a distraught mother, while letting the father go unpunished altogether, is a course against which every man and every woman of right feeling must feel bound to protest in the strongest possible way.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

By an energetic man I mean always a man who gets up the moment he is awake. It costs me a severe struggle every morning to get up at all. I commence my day with a serious moral conflict, which acts as a tonic to my whole nature. If I did not undergo that battle I should be unnerfed for the day.—*Bishop Creighton*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

YET another country-house visit is to be paid by the Prince and Princess of Wales next week—this time to Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, at Brocket Hall, near Hatfield, where Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck spent their honeymoon. Lord Mount Stephen is one of the most interesting peers in England. His career has been a romance. One is accustomed to men who began life as office-boys and afterwards became world famous. But what other peer can say that he began life as a shepherd? That is what Lord Mount Stephen did as a boy. He minded sheep in Banffshire.

Without that shepherd-boy of the 'forties there might have been no Canadian Pacific Railway. The creation of that was the great work of Lord Mount Stephen's life. He has made an immense fortune, and as he has no children to leave it to he has set a good example to other rich men by

distributing half a million amongst his relatives. He prefers, he says, to see them enjoying life now instead of waiting till after his death. Lord Mount Stephen never forgets a service done him. Once as a boy in Aberdeen he broke his arm and had it set at the local infirmary. Long afterwards, as a rich man, it came to his knowledge that the institution was in debt for £30,000. He at once sent a cheque for the amount.

Many happy returns of the day to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, actor-manager and teacher of histrionics, who was born to-day—never mind how many years ago. For a great many years Mr. Tree has reigned triumphantly over one of the leading theatres in London, and has astonished us by bringing real rivers, real grass, real lakes, storms, rabbits, and everything else on to the stage of His Majesty's. When His Majesty's Theatre was being built for him he used, it is said, lovingly to contemplate its

progress from the middle of the Haymarket, quite unconscious of the fact that he was impeding the traffic by doing so.

One day, as he was engaged in this occupation, Sir Squire Bancroft happened to stroll by. "What do you think of our new home, Bancroft?" said Mr. Tree, waving a deprecatory hand towards it. The older man looked up as though he had just caught sight of the vast structure and murmured, "Hum... A lot of windows!—they'll all want cleaning." It was a practical remark, but not quite what Mr. Tree wanted. By the way, the first number of the new illustrated monthly, "The Actor," which appeared yesterday, contains a very remarkable portrait of Mr. Tree as Caliban, the only photograph he has had taken of himself in this part.

It is interesting to hear that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American forty-millionaire, whose gift of half a million or so to Chicago University is a typical American Christmas present, is about to start a campaign against the irrepressible Mr. T. W. Lawson. Mr. Rockefeller is naturally a fighter—you cannot make billions, or even pence, nowadays without being that. But he is also a quiet and distinctly pious gentleman. He has brought up his son on sound methods, desiring that he shall be neither purse-proud nor hard-hearted.

The young Mr. Rockefeller is, in fact, rather like a Sunday school teacher. He devotes immense fortunes and much time to Bible classes. He even preaches sermons. He has also gone in for "poverty," that fashionable pastime of modern millionaires, and has learnt, as he says himself, "what it is to cut wood and to crush stone for roads at 15 cents an hour." He married an exceedingly wealthy girl three years ago, and they both work hard to improve the fortunes and characters of those they come across.

Ambassadors are generally very hard-working people. Not one of them works harder than Count Metternich, the German representative at the Court of St. James's, who has just left England for a short holiday at home. The Count's exile is not painful to him, however, as he is very fond of England. Indeed, it is said that his appointment was unpopular in Germany for that reason. But he is a personal friend of the most important German—the Kaiser—and the Kaiser had the good sense on this occasion to take no account of public opinion.

Count Metternich will probably spend some time with the Emperor during his holiday. His keen, business-like mind, his hatred of red-tape, and his fondness for yachting are all tastes which have made the Emperor look forward to such visits with real, not diplomatic, pleasure. The Count is still a bachelor. Indeed, one of the reasons for German dislike of his appointment was the fear of his marrying an Englishwoman. He has, however, succumbed to that temptation yet, though German matrons are still very anxious about him.

Richard Strauss, composer of weird "tone-poems," comes to England to-day, and to-morrow will be the guest of the evening at the Concerts' soirée at the Grafton Galleries. Sir Edward Goeckel will receive the guests, and there will be a notable gathering of musicians. One of the great trials of Strauss's existence is that people will persist in confusing him with Johann Strauss, the writer of merry waltzes.

When he went to New York recently, the captain of the liner, who evidently shared this desire, approached him and said, "If you are writing anything on board, and would like to try it over on the ship's orchestra, you are quite welcome." The idea of a little ship's band grappling with something like "A Hero's Life" or the "Domestic Symphony," is very funny. Directly Strauss set foot in New York a reporter said to him, "Brought over any new waltzes for us?" That reporter got no interview.

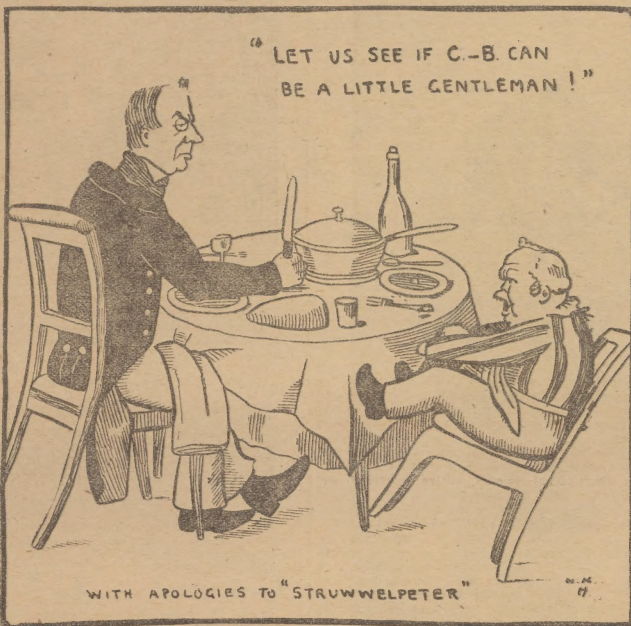
The Countess of Orford, who has just arrived at her town house in Bruton-street, and will be visited there by her father, Mr. Daniel Corbin, of New York, is not as fond of the London season as she appears to be. She has, however, the American love of travel. When she first married, and before the birth of her pretty fifteen-year-old daughter, she indulged that taste by visiting every kind of outlandish place—Japan, Ceylon, the Rocky Mountains, Florida—with her husband. In Florida they went in for turpentine-fishing, and in London Lord Orford wrote an article in the "Badminton Library" on that exotic sport.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 17.—An American millionaire once asked a gardener who was cutting a lawn at one of our universities, "How is it that your lawns are so much better than mine?" The gardener replied, "We have cut, rolled, and watered ours for three hundred years."

A good lawn is the chief glory of a garden. Yet how many are left to take care of themselves. This is the time when manure should be sprinkled lightly over the turf. Four ounces of bone-meal per square yard of grass will do good. Lawns should be frequently swept during the winter if infested with worms, also well rolled when they are not in too wet a condition.

B. E. T.



I have no right to interfere with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's political opinions, but I think I am justified in asking him, if he cannot be a patriot, to try to be a gentleman.—(Mr. Chamberlain at Stepney.)

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Edward Grey.

THE North-Eastern Railway is to be congratulated on getting Sir Edward Grey as the new chairman. The post is one which needs hard work, and he is just the man to do it—if he likes.

But he is a politician, and an important one. Will he be able to be both a politician and a railway chairman? Will he choose to continue his Parliamentary career and eventually become a Liberal Premier, or will he choose the railway?

Whichever he does he has plenty of time before him, for he is still only forty-two, though he is a mainstay of the Liberal Party.

His Parliamentary career began nearly twenty years ago, when he was twenty-three, and before the present Government came in he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

He is fond of politics, but he much prefers sport, and he loves his country-seat in Northumberland much better than he does Westminster.

His look and his manner between the man who follows the line of least resistance. He is very clever, but might make more use of his brains. His smile is always very pleasant, his manners very easy. He used to be able to avoid awkward questions when in office most diplomatically.

He will be either a good Minister or a good railway chairman, whichever he chooses, if only he will give up some of his time from tennis and fishing.

The late Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, was very fond of shooting. One day he was out with dog and gun and met a member of his parish whom he reproved for inattention to his religious duties.

"You should attend church and read your Bible," said the Bishop.

"I do read my Bible, Bishop," was the answer, "and I don't find any mention of the Apostles going a-shooting."

"No," replied the Bishop: "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."—*Nashville Banner.*

ON GETTING THIN.

Advice from Mr. Dooley.

"EVERYBODY I know is thyrin' to rayjooce his weight. Why shud a woman want to be thin unless she is thin? Th' idee iv female beauty that all gr-reut men, fr'm Julius Caesar to miself, has held is much more like a bar'l thin a clothes-pole.

"But nowadays 'tis th' fashion to thry to emaciate ye'erself. I et suppet with Carney th' other day. It was th' will iv Hiven that Carney shud grow fat, but Carney has a will iv his own, an' fr'tin years he's been thyrin' to look like Sinitor Fairbanks whin his thrue model was Grover Cleveland. He used to scald himself ivry mornin' with a quart iv hot wather on gettin' up.

Thin he thried takin' long walks. Th' long walk rayjooiced him half a pound and gave him a thirst that made him take on four pounds iv boozeivness. Thin he rented a horse an' thried horseback-ridin'. Th' horse liked his weight no more thin Carney did, an Carney gained tin pounds in th' hospital. He thried starvin' himself, an' he lost two pounds an' his job fr' bein' cross to th' boss. Thin he raysumed his reg'lar meals an' made up his mind to cut out th' sugar.

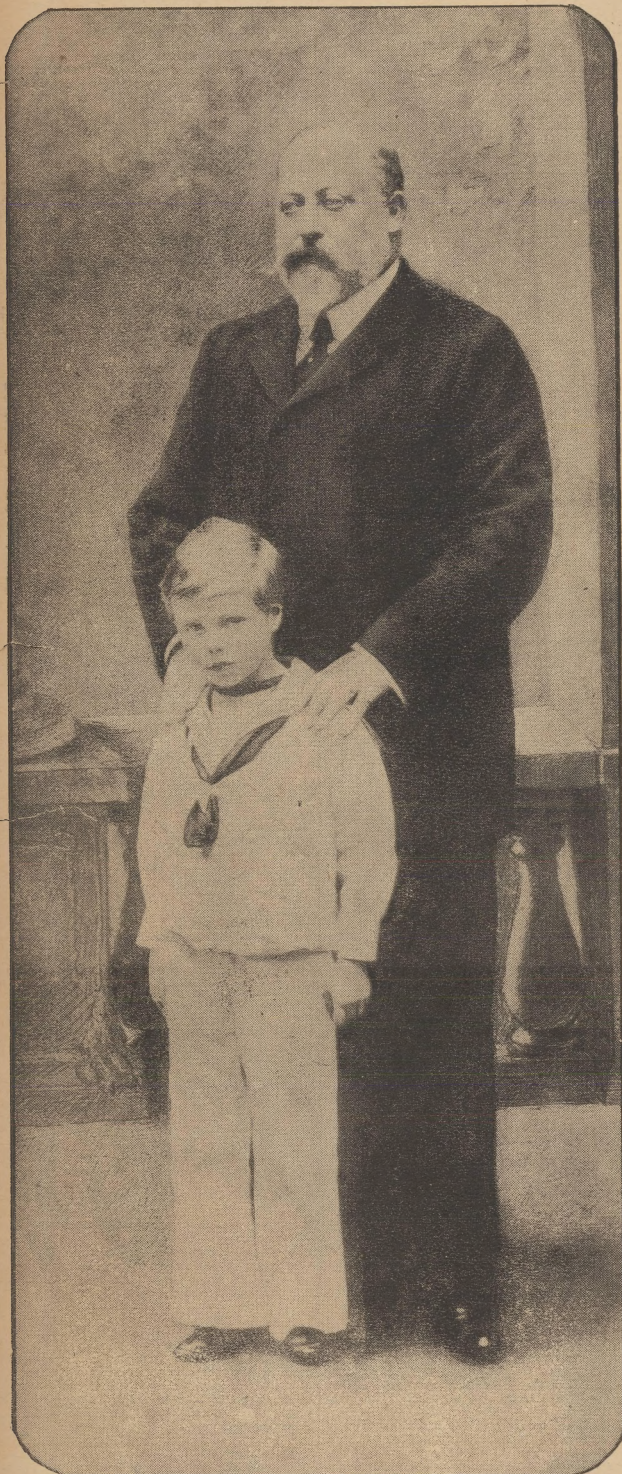
I se him at breakfast. I won't tell ye what he consumed. But, anyhow, whin I begun to wonder whether it wud be safe to stay, he hauled a little bottle fr'm his pocket an' took out a small pill. 'What's that?' says I. 'Tis what I take in place iv sugar,' says he. 'Sugar is fattenin', an' this rayjooices th' weight,' says he. 'And ar're ye goin' to match that poor little tablet against that breakfast?' says I. 'I am,' says he. 'Cow'd I! says I.

'What's th' use iv goin' up again' th' laws iv Nature, says I. If Nature intinded ye to be a little roly-poly, a little roly-poly ye'll be. They ain't anything to do that ye ought to do that'll make ye thin an' keep ye thin. Th' wan thing in th' wurld that'll rayjooce ye surely is lack iv sleep; an' who wants to lose his mind with his head? I'll guarantee with th' aid iv an alarm clock to make many a man a livin' skillion in thirty days.'—*Westminster Gazette.*

NEWS-~~PHOTOGRAPHS.~~

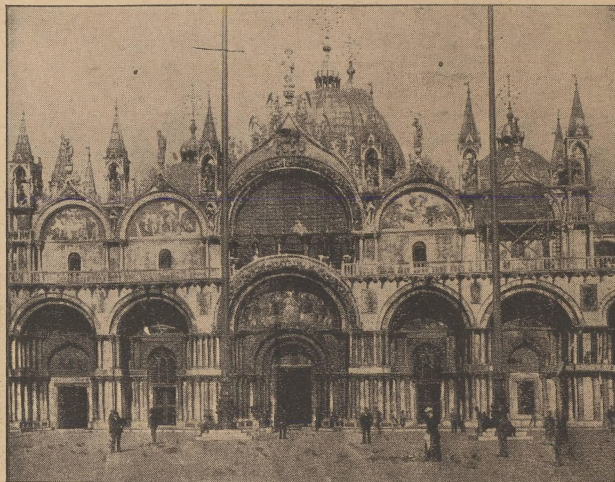


THE KING AND HIS GRANDSON.



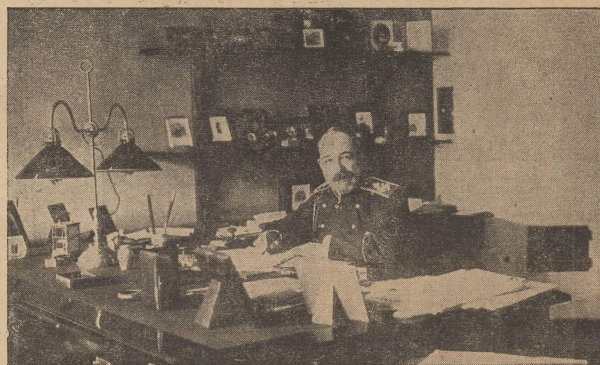
His Majesty's keen delight in being photographed with his eldest grandson and namesake, Prince Edward, who will one day rule England, is well shown in this, the latest photograph. The young Prince takes his photographic honours somewhat shyly, overpowered, perhaps, by the fact that for once he takes precedence of his royal grandfather.—[Copyright: Redmond Barrett. Published by Bassano, Ltd.]

SAINT MARK'S AT VENICE IN DANGER.



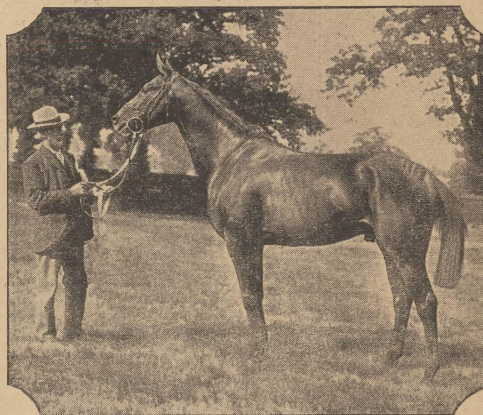
Professor Manfredi, an eminent Italian architect, and Signor Marangoni, an engineer of high repute, have reported the necessity of immediately restoring this world-famous Venetian church. Its huge piers are sinking, and its walls cracking.

RUSSIAN MINISTER AND RIOTERS.



Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, who succeeded the assassinated M. de Plehve as Russian Minister of the Interior. He has now a most difficult task to suppress the revolutionary riots that are taking place daily in St. Petersburg.

RUSSIA BUYS ENGLISH RACEHORSE.



Cheers, a five-year-old by Persimmon—Applause II., has been bought by the Russian Government for stud purposes from the Duke of Devonshire for a sum of £7,500.

SIX-YEAR-OLD PRO



Little Miss Edith K., whose father was fine, allowing his clever daughter to play at Holborn Town.



TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE SUMMING UP IN THE HOOLEY-LAWSON CASE.



Listening for twenty days to the facts in the case of the Crown v. Messrs. Hooley and Lawson and the eloquent pleadings of counsel on both sides, Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday summed up in a crowded court. The trial has been memorable for the eloquence of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., in defence of Mr. Hooley and his keen cross-examination of Mr. Paine, the principal witness for the prosecution. Mr. Lawson has defended himself with marked ability. On all sides it has been a remarkable trial of wits.

RULER OF THEATRES RETIRES.



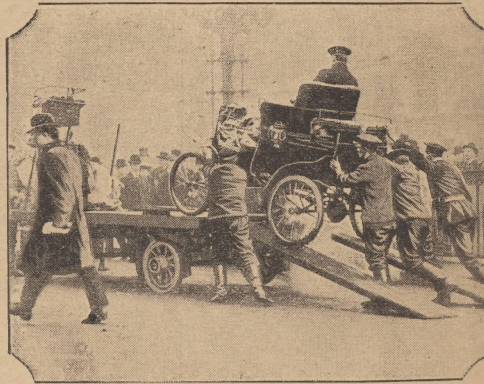
Mr. H. E. Moss, who, owing to ill-health, has been forced to retire from the management of the Moss Empires and the Hippodrome. Mr. Oswald Stoll, who succeeds, already controls the Coliseum and numerous other variety theatres.

MR. W. E. CATESBY.



Mr. Catesby, of "cork lino" fame, has just been fined for causing an obstruction by exhibiting one of his drolleries.

FIRE BRIGADE HORSES TO THE RESCUE.



While the rapid little runabout motor-car, in which the chief of the Fire Brigade goes to the scene of London fires, was proceeding down the Strand, it came to grief, and had to be rescued by a horse-drawn Brigade vehicle.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.
RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.
Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.
HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a flag-guard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill and Lady Gascoyne into helping him to regain his position in society. He wishes to marry Gertrude Gascoyne, and Lady Gascoyne helps him in his plans.
GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.
HUGH MORDAUNT, a friend of the Gascoynes, who has given way to drink. In love with Gertrude, and loved by her. Has saved her from Somerton.
Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, and later his death was announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

CHAPTER XLIV. The Dead Orchid.

Lady Gascoyne hardly ever ceased congratulating herself upon the patient diplomacy which she had displayed with such brilliant results in negotiating the affair of Harold Somerton. As the days went by after his departure, the look of strained anxiety gradually gave place to the old-time serene expression of indolent content with all the world. A hasty line from Somerton told her of a meeting with Gertrude in Pau, in which no suspicion had been awakened in the girl's mind that the meeting was about accidental. Though the note was carefully guarded in its expressions, and was without signature, lest it should fall into wrong hands, her ladyship was able to infer that Gertrude's greeting had been all that the man expected. Even if he should be unsuccessful, he had promised that she was safe from him in the future. He had admitted that she had done her part brilliantly; that the responsibility for success or failure must rest solely on his own shoulders. She hoped, of course, that the result would be failure; it would be "so awful to have an ex-convict in the family"; but either way danger was past.

She came down to breakfast one bright October morning, and, with a smile on her face, slipped aside with the point of her dainty finger the letters that lay by her plate. She carried two of these over by the chimney-piece, and stood toasting her daintily-slipped foot before the glowing fire. The smaller of these notes addressed, if the truth must be known, in her own handwriting, slightly altered, she opened first. She knew that it would contain nothing more than a few words of morning greeting from Richard Deverill, only two miles away, but she drank these in with sparkling eyes, happy, as always, in receiving them.

This note gave her a peculiar pleasure. It initiated her into the secret of her husband's careful during the last fortnight that he thought he might venture to ride over in the course of the morning.

"Lay for two at luncheon, Parker," she said as the servant entered, "and tell the gardener to be at the orchid house about noon. Mr. Deverill wants to go through it."

Lady Gascoyne always had a special excuse for those occasional visits which Deverill made to the house in the absence of her husband.

She read the little note over again, then dropped it into the fire with the envelope. Then she glanced over the second letter. She was pleased to read that Sir Alanson was having great success among the pheasants at the house of a friend in Hampshire, and that he had been persuaded to extend his stay for two or three days.

Her ladyship was occupied during the succeeding two hours with the duties that appertained to the management of her household, but every once in a while she flew to the window and looked down the avenue of elms. She knew well that he would not be coming for some time yet, and still she carried out the little farce with herself. When at last, towards noon, she saw him in the distance she flew precipitately to an upper storey; this, by no means, because she was shy about meeting him, but that even to the eyes of her unsuspecting domestic might be preserved an air of indifference and commonplace decorum.

When a maid finally searched her out and announced the arrival of the visitor, she wrinkled her forehead in apparent vexation, and proclaimed herself as too busy to see him for the moment.

"He wants to see the orchid house, I believe," she said, "tell him the gardeners are about there somewhere, and that I will come down later if I can."

Twenty minutes passed before she joined him.

"Awfully jolly morning," he cried as they shook hands.

"It's brighter now," she answered, lisping, as she looked at him from under her eyes.

Deverill looked with a smile towards the disappearing gardener. There seemed to Lady Gascoyne something significant in this withdrawal of the man.

"You did not send him away, Dick?" she asked.

"No, Rosamond. I promised to break the bad news to you gently. He fled on his own."

His smile reassured her.

"Your famous orchid," he continued.

"Not dead?"

He nodded his head, and led the way towards the remains of that exquisite Amazonian flower which Mr. Tourtillotte had presented to her on the night of the fire, and which had been christened by her name.

"Oh, I am sorry," she said as they went along.

"I'll sack the gardener, Dick."

"I knew you'd say that—that's why I told him I would break it to you gently. I don't think it's his fault at all, Rosamond. It has never seemed to thrive, you know."

"It too vexatious," she exclaimed, as they stood before the moss-covered basket which held the defunct Brazilian glory.

"Not one bloom from it," she said, with a flushed face, "and after all the fuss that has been made about it, too. I have a whole book of newspaper cuttings about it. Do you know, Dick, I'm really awfully worried. I suppose you think I'm dreadfully superstitious, but I can't help it. It's a bad omen—some trouble will come."

"A new vein for you, Rosamond. I didn't know you had such a streak."

"The first time. I've had the feeling without thinking much about it. You remember when he gave it to me."

She shivered as she thought of that night, and of all the ghastly trouble it had brought to her.

"You can't deny it," she exclaimed, "it is connected with us, Dick, with my love for you, and with yours for me. It has withered away and died. You do love me as much as you ever did, don't you? You're quite sure, aren't you? Sometimes I'm afraid that all the trouble and the worry and the anxiety we have had will take the romance of love from you."

"I've never seen anybody," interrupted Deverill, "so little skilled in reading omens. You would never have made a sibyl, Rosamond. Don't you see that the orchid has been bad luck to us, that it has brought us evil fortune from the very first—now it is dead things have changed. Everything is as bright as can be."

She smiled in appreciation of his ingenuity.

"You always know how to say the right thing, Dick," she said, as she patted him approvingly on the arm, "and you console, though you do not convince me. Now, why do you suppose we don't hear from Gertrude?"

Deverill had exhausted his protests against this sacrifice of the girl to Somerton.

"I wonder," she continued; "do you suppose it's possible, Dick, that they could be honeymooning? What are the laws out there about marriage?"

"Give it up," he answered, "there's hardly been time for that, I should say."

Lady Gascoyne cast one final look at the orchid's suspended grave, then turned and went slowly out of the hothouse with head pensively hanging.

"No use, Dick," she said, "I feel a premonition."

He laughed at her fears, and finally succeeded in chaffing her out of her depression.

When they had exhausted all the plants they turned to animals, and visited the stables. They did not care in the least at the moment for these things. They were content in being together.

When at last they came in to luncheon Lady Gascoyne saw an envelope addressed to her husband in Gertrude's handwriting.

"It is from her," she cried, "and postmarked London."

She had never opened one of her husband's letters before, but she did it now as though it were her daily custom.

"From my dear Gertrude," she cried, as the servant came into the room. "I must know how she is, and how she has enjoyed her trip. I do hope it has done her good."

She tore open the envelope with eager fingers, and devoured the four closely-written pages with her eyes. Deverill, watching, saw that her face turned pale and that her hand was trembling.

She turned to the servant, and said she would ring if she wanted anything. The instant they were alone she put both her elbows on the table, rested her chin on her two hands, and looked across at her companion. He knew these signs well. She was always most deliberate when she had bad news to deliver.

"Gertrude," she said slowly, uttering each word separately, so that it fell like a pellet of shot, "is in London with Lady Chetmole—and she is engaged—"

"Good God, he's done it, then."

"To Hugh Mordaunt."

"It can't be."

"It is so. The Pyrenees seems an extraordinary place for meetings."

"And the other—what does she say about him?"

"Doesn't mention his name."

"Then he did not cross her path a second time?"

"Oh, no, he did."

"I don't follow you."

"Don't you, indeed," she lisped with a tremor in her voice. "A girl gets engaged—engaged to a

man who has nothing, who does nothing, for whom she has to plead. Oh, she's not very humble about it, I can assure you, still she condescends to beg Alanson's approval. Two weeks ago, Dick, she would have written to me. She would have asked me to secure Alanson's good will—now she writes to him, and doesn't even send me a message."

"Don't see that that means anything at all," said Deverill, who didn't believe a word of what he was saying, but always put the brightest face on everything in talking to Rosamond Gascoyne.

"It means everything," was her agitated answer, as she actually pushed away her chair in the excitement of the moment, and began to walk rapidly up and down the room. "What this letter doesn't say says more than anything there is in it. It says that she knows, knows enough, Dick, to estrange herself absolutely from me. He has seen her somewhere—he has found her unyielding; then he has used threats, has told her everything. What a beast he is. There is nothing that he would not stoop to."

"Oh, yes, there is," was the confident answer. "She may have vague suspicions. But this very letter shows that she's not going to give them voice."

"There's something in that," cried Lady Gascoyne.

"Now you're getting sensible. Do sit down and eat your luncheon."

Her ladyship sat down and affected an appetite. After three minutes of silence she exploded, however.

"I don't like this silence of Somerton," she exclaimed nervously.

"What does it matter?" he asked. "Don't you remember the agreement? You have done your part; he expects nothing more."

"And do you believe that?" she exclaimed scornfully.

"Absolutely. The beggar's got money. He wants to be respectable, outwardly at least, more than he wants Gertrude. When all the mysteries are cleared up, Rosamond, you'll find that everything will quietly fall into place. I'm a bit relieved, I own it. To go from Somerton to Mordaunt suggests the frying-pan and the fire, I'll admit—still, Mordaunt is not an ex-convict, and he's a gentleman at heart."

It is only justice to Deverill to admit that he bore no more to Mordaunt's abrupt interposition on Gertrude's behalf.

"You must find him, Dick," said her ladyship, "you must find this man, Somerton, and learn what has happened."

"Not I—nothing could be more foolish. I can only hope that he's satisfied with his experiment, and intends to let this alone after the worst, come to Gertrude's behalf."

"But I must know, I must know," she cried.

"Hope for the best, and stir up nothing," said Deverill. "Remember this, Rosamond, you've never faltered towards me. I shall never go back on you. If the worst come to the worst, come to me instantly. It is for you to choose that time."

"I know," she cried in a broken voice, "I always trust in you. You are all I have left, except my boy, and he—"

She dashed the tears angrily from her eyes.

"I shall never come unless I have to—for his sake," she continued. "I don't know what to do now, Dick. I don't know what we've got to do. I cannot bear it if I do not see you—and yet it seems so dangerous."

"The dangerous thing," he answered, "is to alter in any way. I shall drop in on you, just as I have to-day, at reasonable intervals, with reasonable excuses. I shall continue to do that until I see that you can stand it."

"You've never said that before."

"No, but your nerves are not of iron. They will have need to be, when you bear such anxieties. The time may come when you might feel my presence dangerous, when you might feel fearful that you would do or say something in the presence of others which would attract attention."

"I do not care for the horse," her ladyship said this as the door opened, and the servant came in, and after that an animated conversation ran on for some time about the merits of her ladyship's new hunter.

Immediately after luncheon Deverill left the house more depressed and anxious than he had ever before been in his life.

He took a long ride, hardly knowing whether he went, and it was dusk by the time he arrived at his house.

He wondered who could be there awaiting him as he saw in the distance a motor-car through the open door of the carriage-house. He shrugged his shoulders resignedly as he assured himself that Harold Somerton had turned up at last. He opened the door with his latchkey, and as he walked towards the library, caught the odour of a fine cigar, but when he opened the door, he found himself face to face with a stranger—a round faced, fresh looking man, whom he had never seen before.

"Is your name Deverill?" asked the visitor, in no conciliatory tone.

"Yes."

"Well, my name's Brasser."

"Ah, indeed, a connection."

"No, Brasser himself. The Brasser. Looks pretty fit, eh, though you and the rest of 'em did try to plant him."

Deverill stared at him, speechless.

(To be continued.)

The Opening Chapters of the Realistic Story of Convict Life by Mr. Adolf Beck and the Authors of "Convict 431." will be found in to-morrow's "Weekly Dispatch." Mr. Beck's remarkable narrative is entitled "Convict 431," and it is appearing only in the "Weekly Dispatch." See to-morrow's issue.

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No other soap washes else without twice the labour, and twice the wear on clothes.

OUR SATURDAY STORY

By EVELYN GLOVER.

SCENE—Christmas card department in West End emporium. Time—Morning in Christmas week.

Counters filled with trays of cards ticketed from one halfpenny upwards. Calendars of all sizes and descriptions suspended overhead. Moving mass of customers who effect purchases with difficulty.

PRETTY GIRL (to friend): I don't think there's nearly such a choice as they had here last year, do you? I wish I'd had mine printed! I want one that will do for Olga Stone—our relations are a bit strained, you know, since she lost that library book of mine, and then said I hadn't lent it to her! What's the wording on that—I don't love thee; dear, so much, loved I not honour more—it's pretty, isn't it?

FRIEND: Do you think so, under the circumstances? I'll take these, please. (Tries vainly to detain hurrying assistant.) Really it's too bad! I've tried to pay for these cards for quite ten minutes.

ENGAGING LADY (to shopwalker): Oh—you had some cards the other day with mistletoe, and "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a something remembering my good friends"—it's Shakespeare, you know. I wonder if you have any more left?

SHOPWALKER (nervously, to assistant): Miss Carey! Mistletoe cards, with "I count myself happy!"

MOTHER (burrowing through crowd, with offspring clinging to skirts): That's right, darling! Hold tight to mother, and you shall spend your penny your own self! Children's cards, please! (to assistant.) Do be more careful! Indignantly, as purchaser evokes shrill howl by stepping back on to offspring's boot.

VOLUBLE LADY (who has failed to disinter mistletoe card): Take off my gloves? You surely don't want white gloves taken off? I call that absurd! However, I'm not going to select any, as you've not got what I want. Oh, Laura (pointing suddenly upward), aren't those "Sweet Content" Calendars rather ducky for ninepence-three-farthings? I think I'll send one to Mary Eilers—her engagement's just been broken off, poor thing, and she must be feeling rather bad about it.

PRETTY GIRL (incredulously to assistant): You don't give envelopes with pennies on? Why they always do at Westray's! Oh, well, give me a packet of assorted sizes, then. Oh, wait a minute—I think I'll have another of these with the scarlet seal instead of that green cat

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

one. That a twopenny one? Well, I got it out of the penny tray! Oh, then, I won't have it. That ought to be one-and-elevenpence-halfpenny—oh, but I'd forgotten the envelopes! I think perhaps I won't have the envelopes. I wonder you don't sometimes get a little confused with so many people choosing different things! (Assistant, who feels on verge of nervous breakdown, looks at her helplessly.) You know, Mary (in lower tones), this is what I always say—it's no good trying to be pleasant to these sort of people, because they will not respond! You would think that at Christmas—

EXCITED CUSTOMER (pulling assistant's sleeve): Will you attend to me, please? I'd chosen some cards, and I'd just put them down on the edge of that tray while I went to look at those in the boxes, and someone has taken them up!

OLD LADY (shaking head over card portraying good hand at Bridge with appropriate sentiment): Ah, it's not what it used to be! In my young days there was no difficulty in finding holly and robins or a pretty church in snow, but now (finds she has no audience so attaches herself to shopwalker, who pauses, under impression that guidance is required)—May I ask what there is suggestive of Christmas sentiment in a lot of playing cards?

VOLUBLE LADY (running friend to earth in distant corner): Laura! I've lost you! Look—aren't these sweet—little wreaths of ivy, with "Yes, we must ever be friends, but of all who offer you friendship, let me be ever the worst!"—no "first," I mean—"the truest, the nearest and dearest." I've taken ten of them—I wish I could see some more. For twopenny, you know!

MOTHER (proudly, to assistant): An envelope for my little girl's card, please! It's quite her own choice, but that's half the charm to a child, isn't it? Oh, Muriel darling (as child puts delineation of open-mouthed nigger-minstrel firmly behind her back), let this kind lady put your card in a pretty envelope! You'll get it so dirty if you carry it home like that! Oh, don't cry! See—you're keeping all these ladies from buying their cards (ladies stand by with expressions varying from amused interest to incipient murder).

SCHOOLBOY (to companion): That's the halfpenny tray—behind that howling kid! Thought if I could find one of a chap who's been sick

after gorging plum-pudding or something I could send it to Bates minor! Hullo! (catching sight of card in companion's hand) what the dickens have you got, a thing with forget-me-nots for? Going to send it to Lena Jackson? Well, of all the spoons!

COMPANION (blushing furiously and concealing card beneath coat): Shut up, you fat-headed idiot!

PRETTY GIRL (further afield): Oh, Mary, d'you see? A little coat patched at the elbow with a bit of check stuff—"Accept a cheque to cover the rent!"—a cheque, money, you know, and the rent in the coat, d'you see? That's awfully clever! I didn't mean to get any more, but I must send that to Bob Curtis! He's always saying he's hard up and he'll be here in his rooms for Christmas!"

[Hands of clock at end of Department gradually approach hour of one. Mass shows signs of separating and partially diverging towards refreshment room.]

STOUT, MIDDLE-AGED CUSTOMER (decidedly, to Friend): I'm going to lunch, dear, before I look at another card! Pretty words this year? I'm sure I don't know—I never look at the words! Oh, I never think anybody does! I must come back for some Calendars to put in my old Alms-house's lampers—they think so much of them, you know!

VOLUBLE LADY (pushing forward to Acquaintance): My dear Mrs. Adie! Not too early to wish you the compliments of the season, is it? Isn't this awful! I say every year that I will not buy my cards like this, but I invariably end in doing it! There's something too irritating about receiving printed ones which you can't possibly pass on. Oh! (as Acquaintance stiffens involuntarily) I always tell my husband that yours is quite the prettiest we—oh, good-bye!—Laura, what a bear that woman is, isn't she?

PRETTY GIRL: I don't believe I've half what I want, after all, though I've knocked off all who didn't send to me last year! New penny crop up so. Let's lunch here and come back, Mary!

SCHOOLBOY (confidentially): I say, Dobson, my people grub at one, but the Mater said if your Mater asked me to lunch I could stop.

ASSISTANT (to neighbour, as she glances with relief round emptying area): Well, I'm sure you hear people grumble plenty about finding Christmas cards a tax, but strikes me this doesn't look like it! After all, it's nice to be remembered, I say, if it is only once a year. Haven't had a minute to think of me own yet, have you dear?

A POET ON HIS ART.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S TITLE-DEEDS
TO ENDURING FAME.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON. Two vols. Jan. 9s. net. Published To-day.

Here is the work of one of the few men now living who can write real poetry. That is beyond question. We may call Mr. Watson's political opinions misguided, and his expressions too many prigish, if we will; but he has written too many fine things for anybody to deny to him the title of true poet.

Mr. Watson has, as is right, a high ideal of poetry. He is proud of his art, as all artists should be. Thus he sings, in his beautiful eulogy of Lord Tennyson:—

The season's change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesterday
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Cæsar, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.

Equally certain is Mr. Watson that poetry should deal passionately with great issues. Witness this (of Burns):—

He came when poets had forgot
How rich and strange the human lot;
How warm the fairs of life; how hot
Are Love and Hate;
And what makes Truth divine, and what
Makes Menhood great.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find him dissatisfied with modern poetry.

Where is the singer whose large notes and clear
Can heal, and arm, and plenary, and sustain?
Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tries the brain.
And idly tuncful, the lute-string throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

For himself, however, he can truthfully say that he has, at all events, aimed high.

I have not suffered aught in me of frail
To blur my song when I am not paid the world
The evil and the insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness for a gift.

And then follows that magnificent passage in which Mr. Watson defends himself from the charge of coldness and aloofness from the usual poets' theme of Love. It is only marred by one fault. No poet ought to talk about "million-billowed contentmentousness." It is neither poetical nor English, nor even sense.

A LITTLE SERMON.

THE HOMELINESS OF CHRIST. By the Rev.
MARK GUY PEARSE.

"The Son of Man came eating and drinking,"—
Matt. xi. 19.

How strange a thing to say! Yet this is what the Lord Jesus said of Himself.

If we recall the life of blessing, it is to see Him going in to eat bread at the house of the Pharisee, with such a simple kindness that even an outcast woman can fall at His feet, to rise up having found a new life, fresh, pure, and loving, like the heart of a little child. We think of Him going home with Zaccheus, the kindly notice transforming the publican into another man. We see Him going down to Bethany to be the light of the darkened home, and the solace of the desolate sisters. If we see Him amidst the hungry thousands, blessing and breaking His bread for them, nor letting His bounty rest until "they did all eat and were filled."

And after the Resurrection the eyes of the disciples were held until "He sat at meat with them." Then, "He was known of them in breaking of bread." So in the last scene on the last page of the Gospels is that beautiful incident of the Lord's tenderness. The disciples have been fishing all night, and have caught nothing; they are cold, hungry, and dispirited. With the day-break Jesus comes. At once he fills the net with plenty.

He lights the fire of coals, has the bread and broiled fish waiting for them, and stands on the shore with his loving invitation, "Come and dine."

Do not let us think of this homeliness as only just one feature of that all-perfect life. This was how He came. It meets us everywhere. It runs through everything.

See this purpose in the circumstances of His birth. It is the birth in the stable, and the being laid in the manger that made it possible for the shepherds to come straight from their flocks to find "the Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." If He had been born in a palace they could have gained no entrance, and must have gone back saying, "He is come, the King; but only the great, the rich, the mighty of the earth can see Him."

The company which is playing "Lettie" at the Camden Theatre this week has had very appreciative audiences. Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Irene Vanbrugh have never been more warmly applauded than during these concluding days of their tour, which the two performances to-day bring to an end.

THROUGH THE 'MIRROR.'

THE CATERING ALIEN.

I do not quite understand how it is the feeding of London has got so much into the hands of foreigners.

Nor is this phenomenon confined to London. I was in a big southern seaport the other day and much the best restaurant I could find was an Italian one.

Cannot English caterers find out what people want and give it to them at reasonable prices? Alton, Hants. R. M.

HOME-MADE BREAD.

Although I was born in London I went to Yorkshire to learn bread-making and baking, and for "Yorkshire Woman's" information I would tell her that whether they are jerry-built or otherwise, ninety out of every hundred houses in the south of England have not the ovens for making bread, pies, or puddings. That is the reason bakers thrive for fifty miles round London.

ALICE STREATHIER.

Wellington-street, Grimsby.

UP-TO-DATE WARMING-PAN.

Mr. S. P. Mason should consider the danger of taking a glass electric globe to bed with him.

When he is asleep it might break and cause injury of a very serious nature, and if the electricity escaped he would receive an unpleasant shock.

EDGAR LANE MATTHEWS.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

A gentleman is one who is careful of the feelings of others.

The possession of wealth, or the fact of being well-educated, is no guarantee.

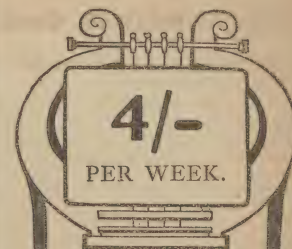
Given the opportunity, any snob can amass the former, while, with regard to the latter, every day exemplifies that we have the talented background ever with us.

WALTER PHILIP HIGH.

21, Tredrewhen-road, N.E.

Your correspondents seem to be unable to see the difference between the term "gentleman" used in a social sense and the adjective "gentlemanly." The former is merely a figure of speech used to exemplify that a man belonging to a family lawfully bearing a coat of arms. "Anybody from a King to a crossing-sweeper can be 'gentlemanly,' but not a 'gentleman'" in this sense.

By the way, well-bred people invariably speak of "men" and "women." RAYMOND WYER. Edinburgh.



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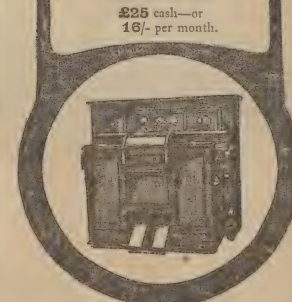
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To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Advice

Wash once with Fels-Naptha.
Worth 4/- a week at least—it saves more than that in time, and wear on clothes.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

A YULETIDE DAINTY AND HOW TO MAKE IT—CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

THE CHRISTMAS CAKE.

ECONOMICAL AND DELICIOUS RECIPE.

For a comparatively small sum a most delicious and pretty cake may be made at home, and, unlike many makes, it will be eatable all through, for the icing, instead of being hard, will be found excellent. The cake itself should be made at once, and it may be iced nearer Christmas Day.

INGREDIENTS—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound each of butter, sugar, currants, sultanas, cherries, and peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, eight eggs, the rinds of two oranges and two lemons, one ounce of mixed powdered spice, quarter of a pint of any home-made wine, a little salt, one ounce of baking powder.

First, prepare the cake-tin by lining it with three or four layers of buttered paper. Next beat the butter and sugar together till they are like cream. Sieve together the flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat up the eggs and add a little beaten egg and a little flour to the butter and sugar. Stir them smoothly in and continue adding them till all the flour and egg is in.

Next chop the peel and almonds, stalk and clean the currants and sultanas, and cut the cherries in three or four pieces. Mix all the fruit together on a plate with the spice, baking powder, and grated rinds. Then stir them into the mixture, and when they are well mixed in add the wine. Pour the mixture into the prepared tin and bake it very carefully from three to four hours—for the first twenty minutes it should be put in a quick part of the oven and then be moved to a slower. If it is getting too dark lay a piece of kitchen paper across it. To ascertain when it is cooked stick a clean skewer into it; if it comes out free from the mixture the cake is done; if it is sticky put the cake back in the oven.

When baked enough, turn the cake out of the tin and leave it on a sieve till cold. Then wrap it.



A useful waterproof tweed coat for country wear.

up in grease-proof paper and put it in a dry, warm place till you are ready to ice it.

ALMOND ICING.

INGREDIENTS—One and a half pounds of ground almonds, one and a half pounds of castor sugar, the whites of five or six eggs, vanilla and lemon juice to taste.

Mix the sugar and almonds well together in a basin, add the lemon juice and vanilla and enough whisked white of egg to make all into a stiff paste.

J.P. Those suffering from weaknesses which destroy the pleasures of life should take Juven Pills. One box will tell a story of marvellous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only on receipt of this adv. and 4s. 6d.
C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd., proprietors Hood's Saraparilla, Dept. 32, 34, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

Spread this evenly over the top of the cake, smoothing it over with a knife dipped in hot water. Great care must be taken to make a good straight edge of the icing.

Put the cake in a warm place or a very cool oven to dry.

Next day it should be coated with

ROYAL ICING.

Rub two pounds of icing sugar through a hair sieve; strain the juice of two lemons into the middle

RELATIONS IN LAW.

THE ENGAGED GIRL'S FEELINGS FOR THEM.

An engaged girl is often very foolish with regard to her future husband's relatives. She looks at them with coldness, as people who suppose them-

once and adopt hers in their stead. She is impatient and resentful of any claim they make to his time or notice, and thinks she ought to have the monopoly of him.

Now this is not only wrong; it is foolish. The engaged girl should remember that, after all, her future husband's own family have the prior right, and that it needs a good deal of unselfishness and self-effacement on the part of a man's relatives to resign that right without a pang to a strange woman, even if she be the one he has chosen for his wife. She should think that to the most generous of mothers it is a hard task to part with a son, and the more she herself loves that son, the more she ought to understand his mother's love, and sympathise with it.

She ought to reflect that upon her attitude now towards her fiancé's people much of the happiness or the discomfort of her future life will rest. She should realise what a terrible responsibility she is taking upon herself if she does anything to sever the close bond between her husband and his people. It is inevitable that if she shall insist on making a faction against them, he must side with her, and by how small a difference may she thus cause a quarrel that will break the old affection for life!

The engaged girl's aim should be to win the liking and confidence of her future relations in law, no matter how little congenial she may chance to find them, and it does not always follow that because a woman loves a man she finds his family lovable too. She should make up her mind to put up with much, if needs be, to endure, to be patient, and to overlook. She must realise that from henceforth her husband's people are to be her own people, and that if she is not prepared to take the rough with the smooth in that relation she had better give her engagement up, for of a certainty she will have to put up with more trying conditions than relations built on a pattern of which she does not approve, during the course of her married life.

While we are on the subject of Christmas presents, the wants of the younger members of the community ought certainly to be considered. And a visit to Messrs. Arding and Hobbs's establishment, Clapham Junction, will prove that the children have not been forgotten. For the grand toy fair is on a more elaborate and extensive scale than hitherto, and has been attractively arranged as a "Fairy Dell," with beautiful scenic effects. It has one of the largest stock of all the latest mechanical toys in London. A toy automobile represents the very latest model of machine. The wireless telegraphy is amongst the numerous novelties to be seen at work. Dolls, stables, soldiers, fortresses, etc., are all of the very latest design. In the foreign fancy department a careful selection of all the latest in photo-frames, clocks, candlesticks, art pots, ash-trays, vases, and leather goods are to be found. Some dainty and useful presents for maids are to be seen in the lace department in the way of aprons, caps, etc. Some charming silk robes in all colours are to be found in the silk department. Unique and useful presents are the lovely and varied assortment of silk blouses, which Messrs. Arding and Hobbs make a specialty of. An early visit of inspection is most strongly advised. Music is rendered in the bazaar all day. Messrs. Arding and Hobbs will be pleased to send illustrated catalogue post free, on application.

Reform in Soap

Fels-Naptha makes washday half and makes that half easier on your back.

Saves wear on clothes besides.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C

These little children are simply, yet very prettily, dressed, the one who is standing in white cambric with a yoke of broderie Anglaise, and the other in chestnut-brown velvet with butter-coloured lace trimmings.

of it. Next whisk the whites of six eggs very stiffly, and add some of them to the lemon juice, then stir these into the sugar well with a wooden spoon. Continue to add more white of egg until all the sugar is worked in; but the icing should be stiff, so stiff that you can trace patterns on it with a spoon.

Next beat this icing well for ten minutes or more to whiten it. Then spread a layer of it all over the cake, smoothing it on with a knife dipped in cold water. Now put the cake into a very cool oven for the icing to dry, and then spread on another layer of icing about half an inch thick. This must be put on very carefully, so as to keep the cake a good shape.

Next day ornament it with either white or pink royal icing—the latter is infinitely the prettier—with forcing bag and pipes, and in the centre either have some appropriate greeting or motto, or some pretty-coloured crystallised fruits.

GRAINS OF TRUTH.

A CYNIC'S REMARKS.

It is unwise to assume that a woman is as guileless as her conversation.

If you don't like your back seat, remember that there is standing room only.

The aroma of the cup of joy, when drained by others, is not always pleasing.

A dripping woman is like a rain-washed cat; both are a picture of utter wretchedness.

Women of forty are not complemented by being told how beautiful and charming they were at sixteen.

Sometimes, when it seems that our own particular little world has been knocked into chaos, and all things for us have come to an end, it is merely that we are being born to better things.

selves to have more right to her lover than she herself has. She does not care particularly about them perhaps, and thinks them old-fashioned or over-particular, and she takes little pains to hide that they don't interest her.

She seems to expect that her fiancé will lose his old closeness of touch with his own people at

1/- NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS. 1/- ONLY.

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Our "Special" Parcel of Christmas Cards contains the following choice assortment:—3 lovely folding floral Cards, ivy leaves, "Friendship," and "Chrysanthemums"; 1 charming embossed floral Card, "Autumn leaves and berries"; 2 delightful floral Cards, beautifully gilded and embossed; 4 pretty folding Cards, artistically embossed in white, gold, and colours; 2 choice Children's Cards, "To greet you" and "Little Sweethearts"; 3 choice folding Cards, beautifully finished in high relief and heavily gilded; 2 floral Cards, in pretty cut-out patterns; 3 artistic gold-stamped novelty Cards illustrating the Nativity. In addition to the above the parcel contains 10 beautiful Booklets, prettily laid with silk cords and tassels, or ribbons, all from the renowned studios of Raphael Tuck and Sons, and includes 4 choice Booklets, with ribbon covers: 3 charming Booklets, "Embossed and gilded in the latest style," "Every good wish," "Happy Days," and "Happiness"; and 3 beautiful floral Booklets, in art colours and gold, "Violets and Ivy leaf," "Asters and Marigolds," and "Bedford"; all in 30 of the most charming cards that money can buy or fancy desire.

This "special" parcel will be sent post free to all applicants mentioning "Daily Mirror," and enclosing postal order for 1s. and 2d. stamps for postage. Early application is necessary, as the supply is limited.—BROWNE and CO., 70, Regent House, Mortlake, S.W.

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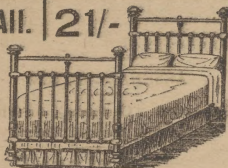
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antee to keep correct time for three years,
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balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received at under-

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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

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Gauze and Swiss Muslin. Laces and Insertions of every

description. Brads and Threads for Lace Work. Lace

Covers. Black Grosgrain, 2/- per yard. PATENTERS

POST FREE. Mention this Paper.

and do more than anything else could do to bring Fitchie right to the front.

and do more than anything else could do to bring Fitchie right to the front.

The Arsenal team for the encounter at Nottingham will be Ashcroft; Gray and Jackson; Dick, Sands, and McEachrane; Briercliffe, Hunter, Satterthwaite, Fitchie, and Templeton.

The experiment of playing Satterthwaite centre-forward is one that has not been made without much consideration, and the old Liverpool man's face display against Manchester City, when he played more in the centre of the field than anywhere else, finally decided the Arsenal directors to make the move. Hunter takes Coleman's place, and a good player as the Northampton player that is no doubt that Hunter is the brainiest player that the Arsenal club possess, and his clever work should open up numerous opportunities for his conferees.

The directors have acted very generously in connection with the Jackson benefit, having decided to give the whole of the gross gate taken at the City

match to the benefit. This amounted to £249 16s., exclusive of ticket money, and as there are a number of subscription lists out which have been well patronised, the lucky captain should reap as his reward for five years' faithful service considerably over £300. This constitutes a record in the South of England, and is second only to the sensationlly-worked benefit of the aid Sunderland back, McCombie.

The Arsenal Reserve team to meet Tottenham at Plumstead to-day at 2.15 is Draper, Cross, Blackman, Bigden, O'Brien, Pearson, White, Watson, Crowe, Lin-

For the benefit of those who may like to make the trip to Nottingham, we may say that the fare is 7s., and the train leaves King's Cross at 10.20. Quite 1,000 people are going from the Woolwich district.

'SPURS v. WELLINGBOROUGH.

For this Southern League match at Tottenham to-day the 'Spurs team will be selected from the following: Eggett; McCurdy, Tait, Burton; Morris, McNaughton, Bull, Brearley; Walton, Warner, V. J. Woodward, Glen O'Hagan, and Kirwan.

The 'Spurs Reserves team against Arsenal Reserves, a

Woolwich, will be: Williams; Freeborough, Gallagher, Morgan, Darnell, George; Stansfield, Warner, Berry, Murray, and Earl.

MILLWALL'S NEW FORWARD.

Millwall have signed on a new inside forward, name

David Mallock, from a prominent Scotch team. It will not turn out against Southampton to-day, the team being the same as against Queen's Park Rangers last Monday.

BLACKHEATH BEATEN AT HOCKEY

Oxford University met Blackheath yesterday at Ki

LIGHT BLUES DEFEATED.

Playing in the first match of the season at
against a strong team representing the Hawks,
at Gatlands Park, Walton-on-Thames, yesterday, Cambrid

Owing to the weakness of their forwards, the Light Blues were forced to act on the defensive throughout the greater part of the contest, and had it not been for the fine form of V. H. McCaw at full back, and L. Gelling, the 'Varsity captain, at centre half, the result would probably have been an even more decisive victory.

would probably have been
for the home team.

KENT LADIES' TRIUMPH.
Although playing without a goalkeeper, the defense of the Kent ladies in their hockey match against Essex ladies at Brentwood yesterday was so sound that they succeeded in defeating their opponents by 1 goal to 0.

BRITISH GOLFERS AT NICE.

The famous French watering-place is at present crowded with English and Scottish golfers, who are much in evidence on the golf links. Captain E. W. G. Roberts, of the Royal Field Artillery, and a brother of the famous Dark Blue miler, played a round with a local player of the Nice Club, a

J. R. Hay Gordon, champion of the Nice Club, won 15 days ago, and won very easily.

Miss Whigham, of Frestwick, also taken part in a number of matches. Mr. Frederick Alexander, of New York, the runner-up for the N championship in 1898, intends taking part in some of the competitions.

Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, of the Queen's Club, the famous tennis player, is also at Nice.

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rity

TO-DAY'S CROSS-COUNTRY RUNS.

The following cross-country runs have been arranged for this afternoon:—

Blackheath: Blackheath Harriers' five miles race.
Boxl: Highgate Harriers' Norman Cup race.

Pinner: Polytechnic Harriers' five miles race.
Neasden: Queen's Park Harriers' Cubitt Cup handi-

Hampstead: Wigmore Harriers' three miles handicap
Highgate: Shaftesbury Harriers' five miles handicap
Highgate: Crouch End Harriers' four miles handicap
East Finchley: Hampstead Harriers (captain's v. viceroy's captain's team).
Barnes: Belgrave, Epsom, and Thames Valley in challenge.

New Malden: Ranelagh and Malden Harriers' club run.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKET.

MELBOURNE, Friday.—The inter-State cricket m

between Victoria and Queensland was begun atbourne in fine weather and before a moderate breeze. The Queensland captain, won the toss, and decided to go in, the wicket being in perfect condition. Mr. Carey, the Queensland captain, won the toss, and decided to go in, the wicket being in perfect condition. Mr. Carey, the Queensland captain, won the toss, and decided to go in, the wicket being in perfect condition.

21 runs without loss.

The wretched display by Band of Hope at Newm has evidently disgusted his owner, Captain M. Hughes, for the horse has been struck out of all entries in the captain's name.

time ago, underwent an operation in the Notman Hospital for appendicitis, is progressing satisfactorily and will be able to take his place in the near future.

James Hallows, the Lancashire cricketer, who had been invited to make one of the side which Viscount Brackenford is taking to the West Indies, has been compelled to abandon the trip, medical advice being to the effect that the voyage would not do him any good.

FOOTBALL MATCHES FOR THIS AFTERNOON.

Arsenal Visit Nottingham—Reading and Bristol Battle for the Leadership.

SOUTHAMPTON IN TOWN.

Several important fixtures are down for decision to-day, and many capital games should result. Arsenal are away, but metropolitan lovers of the game are well provided for, as will be seen from the following list:—

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

Bury v. Stoke.
Manchester C. v. Derby C.
Middlesbrough v. Blackburn
Rovers
Newcastle U. v. Sheffield W.
Small Heath v. Everton.

Division II.

Blackpool v. Bradford City.
Burnley v. Leicester Fosse.
Barnum P.V. v. Bolton W.
Burton U. v. Manchester U.
Doncaster R. v. Chesterfield.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division I.

Portsmouth v. Plymouth A.
Northampton v. West Ham
United
Brentford v. Watford.
Millwall v. Southampton.
Bristol R. v. Reading.

Division II.

Brighton and Hove R. v. v.
Swindon.
Reading R. v. v. Clapton
Orient.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

Southern United v. Luton R.
Watford R. v. Aylesbury U.
LONDON LEAGUE.

Fulham R. v. Queen's Park
Rangers R.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Celtic v. Partick Thistle.
Queen's P. v. Kilmarnock.
Glasgow R. v. Aldershotians.

OTHER MATCHES.

Hford v. Casuals.
Corinthians v. The Army.
Dunblair v. Fort Glasgow
Athletic.

RUGBY.

INTERNATIONAL TRIAL MATCH.

Davenport: North v. South.

OTHER MATCHES.

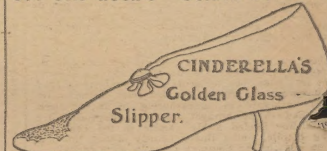
Old Merchant Taylors v.
Old Alleynians.
Richmond v. London Irish.
Blackheath v. Marlborough
Nomads.
R.M.A. v. Lennox.
London Welsh v. Harlequins.
Old Leysians v. L. Scottish.
Montlown v. Cambridge U.
Edinboro Wab. v. Oxford U.
North v. Swansea.
Newport v. Plymouth.
Cardiff v. Llanelly.

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Two Pretty Quirly Fancy
Pencil Holders.
Nickel Pocket Pencil
Two Lead Pencils
Rub and French Eraser
Large Red Sealing Wax
Pair of Compasses
Mounted Magnifying Glass
and a good supply of
Writing Paper, Envelopes
and Stationery.
Please mention
Paper. Ask for Parcel No. 16. Money returned if not satisfied.
Complete Desk and Outfit, 2/11 Carriage Free,
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1905

See this week's "Golden Stories."



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It is absolutely impossible to make or buy any Better Marmalade; and it would be difficult to find any other make even approaching it in quality.

Besides this, it is Absolutely Pure, being made from Oranges and pure sugar only. You have only to compare its flavour with any other, when you will admit its superiority.

It will also be found that it contains an unusually large proportion of peel, showing that it contains all the peel of the Orange, which accounts for its fine tonic properties. Its colour shows the care and cleanliness exercised in its manufacture.

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BARGAINS.—Plant Now. Carriage Paid.	
ALL FRUIT NEXT SEASON.	s. d.
2 Apples, 2 Pears, and 2 Plums	6 9
20 Assorted Currants, Gooseberries, and Raspberries	6 3
12 Best-named Bush Roses, very fine	3 6
6 Best-named Bush Roses, very fine	3 0
6 Choice Tea Scented Roses	3 6
6 Large Climbing Roses, all different	3 6
6 Standard Roses, best-named	3 6
12 Beautiful Hardy Flowering Shrubs	2 6
12 Handsome Hardy Shrubs for Pots, Windows, etc.	2 6
Carefully Packed. Carriage Paid.	
C. R. SHILLING, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.	

PLANT NOW.—Rose trees, fruit trees, climbers, shrubs, trees, hedge plants, and all kinds of hardy and greenhouse plants; Shillings supply cheapest and best; state requirements, and low estimate sent or write for new catalogue, sent gratis and post free.—C. R. Shilling, 39, The Nurseries, Winchfield, Hants.

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223 & 225, Whitechapel-road, E. (right facing Len. Hospital), &
158 & 160, Wandsworth-road, S.W.
Romm, Plats, House, or Mansions Furnished Complete few hours after receipt of order. Any article 1/2 deposit, balance 1/2 on delivery. Goods easy terms.
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3 The Latest Book of "PARLOUR and INDOOR AMUSEMENTS," including Mock Art Gallery, Forfeits, &c., 64 pages in coloured cover. Just published. Invaluable for Christmas Parties and Winter Evening Entertainments.
The Empire Set, forming one of the most unique and acceptable parcels ever offered, will be sent post free for 2/- ONLY from The DAYTON TOY CO., Savoy House, Strand, London, W.C.
See also Special New Year Offer of
£80 in PRIZES
to purchasers of the "Empire" parcel entering the following contest:—
1. SETEOMHHWEEMO.
2. DAUULLGVSENN.
3. HALDEFOOKSOTEMH.T.
4. LEBUELLFESOSTOGLNAD.
£40 amongst those who solve all.
£25 amongst those who solve three.
£10 amongst those who solve two.
DIRECTIONS.—The above four groups of jumbled letters represent the names of four well-known old favourite songs. Rearrange correctly as many as you can, write those that you find out on a sheet of paper and send it, together with P.O. for 2s. for the "Empire" Parcel, and a stamped addressed reply envelope for Prize result, etc.—
THE DAYTON TOY CO., Savoy House, Strand, W.C.
The parcel will be sent by return of post, together with a private notice how many of your solutions are correct. The contest will close on Saturday, December 31st. The Prizes will be awarded and the results sent to each competitor on January 2. This offer is thoroughly genuine, and made to advertise our goods only. If you cannot solve all the names, send as many as you can; the prizes are large and well worth trying for. We trust all prize-winners will recommend our goods to their friends.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to Advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A CINGALESE LADY: dainty evening and party wear; charming colours; 1s. 3d.; double width; pattern free—Chapman, 53, Aldermanbury, E.C.

A 9s. PARCEL—UNDERLINEN—8s. Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful addresses; 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-st., Shepherd's Bush.

A BARGAIN—Elegant Fur set, long black caracul, fur-trimmed; fashionable black hood; beautiful; rich and curly; with handsome large muff to match; perfectly new; 12s. 6d.; approval—Amy, 7, Fools, 30, Fleet-st., E.C.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A GREAT Sale will commence at the Bond-street Dress Agency, Ltd., 95, New Bond-st., W., on Monday, December 19, and continue until the 24th; wonderful reductions and 10 per cent. allowed off all purchases made during the week of sale. Entrance Bleinheim-st.

A SALE will be held at 79 Church-st., Kensington, for seven days, where ladies can obtain new or slightly worn garments of every description. (First 10s. 6d.)

BEAUTIFUL BABY CLOTHES; sets of 6 articles; exquisitely made; bargain, 21s.; approval—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BOUSES Reval: ladies' material; from 2s.; specially chosen boules—Miss Course, Rushden.

BOOTS: 5s. 4d. per pair; post free; ladies or gent's high-class foot-wear; astonishing bargain; London West End designs; send postcard at once for grand illustrated art catalogue free—Quost Boot Company, manufacturers, established 1801, 23, Camberwell-rd., London.

BURBERRYS Homespun—An advantageous offer to ladies practising home dressmaking; coat and skirt, or bodice and skirt, 31s. 6d.; each garment separately, 15s. 3d.; ready for making; the Burberry cut; rain-proof; post-card brings patterns and self-measurement form from Burberrys, Basingstoke.

BUY direct from manufacturer—Cloth Costumes, 15s. 6d.; to measure: Skirts from 4s. 11d.; catalogue and patterns free—25, Brecknock-rd., London.

CHRISTMAS Presents for Ladies—Special offer to readers of the "Daily Mirror." We will send one of our 9s. quality rich, silk-like, figured Val de France lengths, 3 yds. for 6s.; all colours; universally admired, or cash refunded—Hartley's Dress Warehouse, Armlay, Leeds.

CLOTH Bargains—Dress lengths of costume material of best quality in faced cloths and tweeds; lengths from 4 to 5 1/2 yards, width 54 inches; thoroughly shrunken; price 1s. per length; delivered carriage paid—Burgess, 6, Hanover-st., Regent-st., London, W.

Dainty Neckwear and Belts; album free—Baker, Booby, 374, Warehouse, Wandsworth.

EXCEPTIONAL CHRISTMAS OPPORTUNITY—Specially-made, superb Irish linen hemstitched "Kerchiefs," beautiful peasant embroidery; any initial; hand-embroidered; ladies, 9s. 3d. dozen; men's, 10s. 6d.; samples free—Hulton's, 81, Larnie, Ireland.

EXTRAORDINARY SHIRT Look Best—Send by post and have them refitted for 2s. 3d., 2s. 9d., or 3s. each; cuffs and collar-bands, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d.; remittance with order; returned free in two days—Frank Eyles, the Shirt Warehouse, 8, Western-rd., Brighton.

FURS—Elegant real Russian Bear Necklet, 15s. 6d.; 6ft. long real Russian Sable Hair Skirt, 9s. 6d.; unaltered; approval—Mater, 6, Grafton-st., Chapham.

FURS—Elegant Bobbing Necklet and Muff, 9s. 6d.; beautiful real Russian sable hair; never worn—Miss 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

FURS, FURS, FURS—Fifty per cent. saved by purchasing direct from the manufacturer: Skirts, Necklets, and Muffs, in the latest styles; Sashkin Jackets re-dyed and re-finished; call or write for catalogue—J. Crook, 60 and 61, Chiswell-st., London, E.C.

GENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to measure, 25s. 6d.; payments by instalments if desired—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-st., Norwich.

LADIES' Great Sale! wearing apparel; costumes, evening gowns, blouses, millinery, etc., must sell before end of January at great sacrifice—Kate Allison, 15, Blandford, Portman-sq., W. Also black Femenian Pedigree Dog for sale.

LADY offers very superior quality long Sable Necklet and handsome Muff to real Russian sable hair; never worn; sacrifice 12s. 6d.; approval by post—Miss Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

NEW Sashkin Jacket, 25s. 6d.; great bargain; extremely elegant; latest style, sashkin shape, double-breasted, with revers and storm collar; approval willingly—Miss Margery, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

NEW Sashkin Jacket; very elegant; short sash; great bargain; apply immediately—46, Melbourne-grove, East Dulwich.

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY—Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices. Free delivery from 21s. Suits from 27s. 6d. Boots from 10s. 6d. Ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and Costumes; perfect fit guaranteed; delivered on instalment—Write Department 70, Storen, 64, Aldersgate, London, E.C.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargain—Bainford, 11, Hanover-st., Tottenham Court-rd.

SPECIAL SALE for Two Weeks at Ideal Dress Agency, 16, Buckingham Palace-rd., all goods reduced; dresses from 25s.; send 2d. for catalogue.

SPLENDID Underclothing, low prices; grand list free—Baker, Booby, 362, Warehouse, Wandsworth.

UNBREAKABLE CORSETS—Contail 3s. 11d.; write for free Unbreakable Sample Steel corset made to suit any figure—Corset and Clothing Co., Nottingham. Mention "Mirror."

WOVEN Underclothing—5 Ladies' garments; combinations beautiful Arctic woven petticoats, bodices, etc.; 10s. 6d. approval—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

2/6 DOWN will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chesapeake, and 266, Edgeware-rd.

5,000 LADIES WANTED to send postcard illustrated for new winter catalogue of blouses, skirts, jackets, to Wynne Bros., 15s, Bridgegate-sq., London. Once a customer always a customer.

Miscellaneous.

BOOK Bargains—Dickens's Complete Works, illustrated, 21 vols. or 8vo. cloth, as new 25s.; "Love-letters of Balzac," portraits 2 vols. 8vo. half buckram, as new 10s.; great bargain books supplied; catalogue free—Jucker, Bookellers, Birmingham.

BOOKS—Any Rare Book can be had; state wants; no matter what subject; catalogues free—Baker's Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

CHIP Potatoes and Cookshop Fittings; every variety; champion ranges, potato peelers; new 11s. 6d. list free—Mabbott's, Poland-st., Manchester.

FURNITURE—Lady sacrifices real Turkey carpet, 15s.; middlebag suite, 4s. 15s.; complete bedroom, 4s. 14s.; 20yds. linoleum, not used, 15s.; sideboard, 35s.; piano, iron frame, 41s.; pictures, photo, cutlery, etc.; all contents 40 rooms—Call 19, Eastbourne-rd., Hyde Park, W.; 78, Eglon-av., Harrow-rd., W.

GREAT Clearance Sale—Down quilts, 250 travellers' samples, unaltered, must be cleared at once, at considerably less than cost; full size, 6ft. by 9ft., only 5s. 6d.; worth trouble; carriage 6d.; call or send O.D., Gray, Stewart & Co. (Dept. M), 25, Milton-st., London, E.C.

GREAT Parcel Hamperettes, oddments, etc.; suitable for patchwork, dusters, overalls, etc.; and 4s. each; postage 3d.—Baker, Booby, and Co., Warehouse A33, Wandsworth.

HUMPHREYS Iron and Wood Buildings of every description; inexpensive, quickly erected; special catalogue for each class of building—Offices, Humphreys, Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

LADY Secretaries finds Two invariable; keeps hands clean and white; post free, 1s., 1s. 9d.—Holland, 103, Tillingham Park, London.

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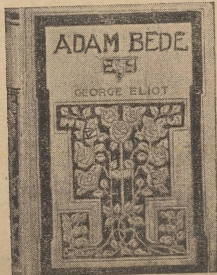
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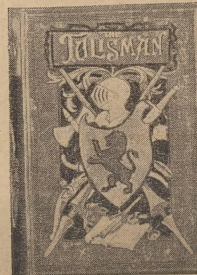
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DAILY BARGAINS.

Miscellaneous.

LADY'S MAID must sell privately two handsome ladies' Orient Diamond and Ruby Rings; 18-carat gold-cased; accept only 3s. the two; bargain; approval before payment; willing—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Adelaide-rd., Ealing Dean, London.

NEW PLATED TABLEWARE FOR OLD—Re-plating of every description done efficiently, promptly, and cheaply. Send us sample spoon or fork, and we will refinish it for cost of cost, and return it with estimate for any quantity you may require—The Electro Depositing Co., Barnbury Works, Barnsbury-rd., 31.

PATCHWORK—500 lovely variety Bibles, 1s. 6d.; 500 smaller, 1s. 6d.; free—Max, 38, Hawthorn-rd., Horney.

PATCHWORK—500 beautiful Crazywork Bibles, 1s. 6d.; free—Madam, 5s. Williams-cottages, Leyton-rd., Peckham.

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